In Commemoration of the Tenth Anniversary of the Death of Phillips Brooks

THE CONGREGATIONALIST AND CHRISTIAN WORLD

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Phillips Brooks

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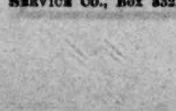
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Religious Notices

Religious and ecclesiastical notices, addresses of ministers, etc., published under this heading at ten cents a line.

A SPECIAL meeting for prayer will be held in the rooms of the Woman's Home Missionary Association, 607 Congregational House, on January 10th at 10.30 A. M., to which all ladies are cordially invited.

THE Friday meetings of the Woman's Board of Missions in Pilgrim Hall, weekly, at eleven o'clock.

REV. FRANK CRANE, D.D., pastor of Union Congregational Church, Worcester, will deliver a lecture entitled, What Will He Do with It? in People's Temple, Boston, Tuesday evening, Jan. 6.

THE annual meeting of the Congregational Church Building Society will be held at Room 820, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, at half past three o'clock Thursday afternoon, January 8th, 1903. All Honorary, Life and Annual Members are cordially invited to be present and are entitled to vote. The object of the meeting is the hearing of the annual reports, the election of the officers of the society, of trustees to take the place of those whose terms will expire, and any other business suitable to come before the meeting.

L. H. COBB, *Recording Secretary.*

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Saturday
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Volume LXXXVIII
Number 1

Event and Comment

The Congregationalist in January, 1903

A PARTIAL FORECAST

The Ministry—An Appeal to College Men, by Pres. C. F. Thwing.

Congregationalism and Its Present Opportunities, by Rev. A. H. Bradford, D. D.

Midwinter Holidays in the Alps, by Pres. E. D. Eaton.

Our Syrian Guest, a sketch by Rev. William Knight.

A Business Man's View of our Benevolent Societies and Their Methods, by Lucien C. Warner.

The Improvement of the Sunday School, by Prof. William G. Ballantine.

Rev. John H. Denison and His Work in Lower New York, by Prof. William Adams Brown.

Why We Exact Obedience, by Dr. Mary Wood-Allen.

The Calf's Nightdress, by Anna Burnham Bryant.

The Great White Plague, by Dr. Arthur K. Stone.

A Memorial Number

How can we better signalize the beginning of another year than by calling to mind the massive and heroic character of Phillips Brooks? This month of January, 1903, possesses a peculiar tenderness for many of us because it marks the tenth anniversary of the great bishop's death. We hope that such a milestone will not be unnoticed by the churches of all communions that owe so much to him for his splendid embodiment of the Christian life in the midst of all the distractions and problems of the modern world. To that end we have assembled in this number material of rare worth and significance. It amounts practically to a small biography of Phillips Brooks. The different sides of his nature are delineated by men who stood closest to him, while testimonies to his influence are added in abundance. If we had waited fifty years after his death to prepare this memorial number the voices of most of the men who speak in our columns this week would have been hushed. But we may all rejoice that most of the men who lived and wrought with him are still alive to tell the rising generation about his simple, virile and Christlike life and his glorious service of his fellowmen.

The Beloved of the People

It has been a satisfaction to us in preparing this number to find such a willingness on the part of those who once felt the touch of Phillips Brooks's life to communicate through our columns their memories and impressions. Hardly one declination was received in answer to numerous letters soliciting material. We are especially indebted to the immediate members of Dr. Brooks's family and to Professor Allen, his biographer, without whose constant and generous aid it would have been impossible to prepare this memorial number. The spirit of Phillips Brooks still lives in those who today bear his name and proves that while he may have been of exceptional proportions, he was not cast in a different mold from his kindred. The same ready responsiveness to the name and memory of Phillips Brooks which the preparation of this number has evoked will, we doubt not, be exhibited wherever it goes. The world is full of people who claim him as a master and leader in the ways of the spiritual life.

Christ in Christmas

The crowning festival of the year is the one which celebrates the coming of the Christ into the world. Every other public holiday is local or national. Christmas is limited by no bounds of territory or race; it is a world festival, and it appeals to what is universal in humanity. Every year witnesses a larger idea of it, a wider practical appreciation of it in daily life. A saying of Jesus not mentioned by the authors of the four gospels was quoted by Peter to some Gentiles in a way which showed that they were already familiar with it—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is this spirit which has come to characterize Christmas. Never has it found so wide an expression as at this holiday season just past. Gifts private and public, small and large, have testified to the affection of friends, to sympathy of the rich for the poor, of the strong for the weak, to the sense of responsibility for the world's welfare. Ships have carried messages of Christmas cheer across the oceans. Nations have exchanged greetings in the name of the Christ. The impulse to generosity, sympathy, service, overlooking all barriers of class, sect, nation, race, given fresh impulse by this festival, will go on through the year in its beneficent purpose. Never before did the daily press reflect so universal an interest in Christmas, nor so clear and exalted a conception of it. The year closed with the triumphant exhibition of wireless telegraphy across the Atlantic. Through another atmosphere, without other instruments than the touch of the divine Spirit, it has been found that the highest of all messages can be transmitted to and fro throughout the world.

A Happy New Year

We wish every reader of this paper a Happy New Year, and sincerely hope that health and prosperity, congenial tasks and opportunities for Christlike ministrations, joy in God's world and blessedness in human relationships, above all, strength and peace in believing in God the Father and his son Jesus Christ, may be their portion the coming year. Many of these readers have companied with us through a long series of years. We appreciate their support, their sympathy and their forbearance, and we pledge ourselves to renewed and what we trust may be still more serviceable efforts in their behalf. We start the new year also, we rejoice to say, with a large number of new readers, to whom we extend our cordial greetings. May they find increasing pleasure and profit as the paper spreads its contents before them week by week!

The Future of Park Street Church

There is widespread and legitimate curiosity with reference to the next step which Park Street Church, Boston, having decided upon the sale of its edifice, will take. This is evidenced by a number of letters received at this office from different parts of the country. While it will necessarily be two or three months before the policy of the church can be divulged, we have good reason for expecting that, when its plans are made public, Park Street Church will be able not only to justify the abandonment of its present site, but also to make it clear that it has regard for the larger interests of the denomination and of the kingdom of God as well as for its own perpetuation. It will not become, we believe, when it moves, a year and a half hence, a competing agency with any other church, but will so establish itself as effectively to serve its vicinage and minister in a conspicuous way to the needs of the city and of the world at large. There are splendid possibilities before Park Street Church as the trustee of large possessions. May it use them in a way that accords with its best traditions.

The Important Period in Church Work

Expectations of spiritual awakenings on an extensive scale continue to be cherished by many hearts. In some cases the signs of promise on the horizon are few and faint. Not a few ministers confess to us by letter or through personal interviews their discouragements arising from small congregations, especially at the second Sunday and midweek services, and from the coldness and worldliness of some who profess themselves to be Christ's disciples. On the other hand, we discern

here and there tokens of a deeper sense of responsibility on the part of church members and a yearning on the part of outsiders for the life that is life indeed. The next few weeks will be utilized in many churches as a time of preparation for Decision Day, Feb. 1, though some will observe it a week later. This is the season when wise and persistent efforts should be made to crystallize in definite ways the interest in spiritual things which is never, thank God, entirely lacking in any Christian church and community. There are better days in store for the Church of Christ. Whether our immediate environment conduces to despondency or to courage, we all need to get down to the unfailing sources of hope and love. If we can keep our own faith from wavering during the twelve months to come, we can hardly fail to do valiant battle as soldiers of Jesus Christ.

A Parents' Class A peculiar feature of a certain Massachusetts Sunday school is a flourishing class for fathers and mothers. Its purpose is to consider the best methods of the religious training of children in the home. Young parents who feel their inexperience and their responsibilities for right guidance of their children would often be glad to exchange in such a class the knowledge they have acquired and to gain more. It is said that those who do not form the habit of public worship before they are twelve years old never become regular attendants at church. To impress on parents facts like this, to show them how to cultivate a religious life in the home, how to have grace at meals, family worship, and to secure willing assent of their children to come with them to public worship is to do a large service to society. If parents who have the happiest homes would unite in any church to form such a class as we have described, the privilege of attending it would be valued by some who are not interested in the usual lines of Bible study.

Reforming the Cities Read The Shame of Minneapolis, in the January *McClure's* magazine, valuable not only for its terrible, realistic description of that municipality's shame—haply now emerged from—but valuable also as new proof of the editor's determination to make his widely circulated magazine an instrument for exposing iniquity and iniquitous men. The most depressing sentence in the article is this, "What startled the (grand) jury most, however, was the character of the citizens who were sent to dissuade them from their course (of exposing the villainy which was rampant)." "No reform I have ever studied," adds Mr. Stephens, the writer of the article, "has failed to bring out this phenomenon of virtuous cowardice, the baseness of the decent citizen." The article is valuable, too, for its record of the experience of Mr. D. P. Jones, one of the best known Congregational laymen in Minneapolis, as reform mayor, especially as it records his dealings with gamblers and his conclusions as to the practicability of governing a city without any alliance with crime.

The Death of Frederick Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury Looming somewhat above the majority of his predecessors as primate of all England, Frederick Temple wrought as arduously in that lofty place as he did in the lesser places which led up to it. His death, Dec. 23, at the age of eighty-one, was not surprising; indeed, no one lacking his robust and massive body and his temperate habits could have as long survived the wear and tear of the bishopric of London and of the Primacy. A brilliant student at Balliol, a principal of a school, an inspector of training schools, headmaster of Rugby, bishop of Exeter—these were the posts filled creditably prior to his coming to London as bishop in 1885. A heretical contributor to *Essays and Reviews* in 1860, a stalwart friend of Mr. Gladstone in working for the disestablishment of the Irish Church—he early showed qualities of independence of thought and action, and he maintained to the end a fair degree of tolerance, though

not exempt from that tendency to conservatism which comes with age, with responsibility and especially with ecclesiastical preferment. He will be missed among social reformers, for he was a foe of intemperance, of gambling, of Sunday desecration and the like; and he had a bold way of confronting sinners in high places. His Bampton lectures in 1884, on the Relations between Science and Religion, showed him to be sane at a time when many theologians and ecclesiastics were flighty. He welcomed all that science had to teach, and predicted coming recognition of distinct spheres of authority rather than chronic conflict. As a schoolmaster at Rugby he won from a pupil the compliment that though "a beast, he was a just beast," and this quality he never lost. Brusque, uncomely, undignified at times, he nevertheless had a tender heart, an inner refinement and a sense of justice, which won for him the respect of all parties within the Anglican Church, and made him a large figure in the life of the realm.

Episcopal Growth and Forecast A polity making for centralization ought to provide better methods of collating church statistics than the *Churchman* describes in its annual editorial on the state of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is based on information set forth in the three church almanacs just issued, which purport to give accurate information about the church. But when it has reconciled, after a fashion, the conflicting reports of the three authorities, what does the *Churchman* find as to the record of the year? An absolute gain but relative loss in contributions, a gain of forty-two in bishops and clergy, an increase in the number of candidates for the ministry, a decrease in the number of parishes and missions and in baptisms, and an increase in confirmations and marriages, the net result being—in the words of the *Churchman*—"a point of stable equilibrium" and "the existence of a law of diminishing returns, applicable to ecclesiastical life. The amount of energy in the special forms of church administration was never greater than it is at present. Never was parish machinery so effectively administered. Never before was there a higher standard of work laid upon the rector or missionary. But the point has now been reached where results are no longer proportionate to the amount of work applied." The editor sees but one remedy for this state of affairs, in a giving up of the sectarian spirit by the Protestant Episcopal as well as by other bodies of Christians.

The Most Ancient Law Book A French explorer recently unearthed among the ruins of Susa a diorite *stele*, which is regarded by some Assyriologists as the most important Babylonian record yet discovered. It is about seven feet high and is inscribed with an extensive text of Babylonian laws. These were recorded at the command of King Hamurabi, who is believed to have been the Amraphel of Gen. 14:1, and to have reigned about 2300 B. C. A part of the inscription was chiseled off by the Elamite king who carried the *stele* away from Babylon to Susa, his own capital, but the remainder has been deciphered and translated into French and German. Probably nine tenths of the original enactments have thus been recovered. These laws are supposed to have been drawn up many centuries before the time of Moses. They prescribed the death penalty for a number of offenses. Some of the laws correspond closely to those in the Pentateuch. For example: "Life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth," Deut. 19:21, seems to repeat these inscriptions from the *stele:* "If a man destroys another's eye, his own shall be destroyed. If a man dashes out another's teeth his own teeth shall be dashed out." The relation of these ancient laws to those of Moses will call forth the careful study of Biblical and Oriental scholars.

Higher Criticism in India The critical spirit is noticeable in India at the present time, not so much in its bearings upon the Christian Bible as upon the non-Christian scriptures of the ethnic religions. Both non-Christian as well as Christian critics are engaged in a searching scrutiny of the written sources of Indian religions. The aim of the non-Christian scholars is chiefly the elimination of inconvenient passages and objectionable incidents which cannot be reconciled with lofty conceptions of the deity and with dignified standards of righteous living and moral decency. Whatever the object, the patent result of this destruc-

tive criticism is to call in question the credibility of their religious sources in their entirety, and to provoke the inference that no religion depending upon written sources only can bear the searching test of historical criticism. Christianity under these conditions, over and above its apologetic historicity, stands upon a vantage ground of supreme value in possessing as an integral part of its written revelation the absolutely unique personality of Christ, and his superior example and teachings upon all questions of practical righteousness and individual as well as social morality. The Holy Spirit can freely use the Christian Scriptures as an instrument of conviction, and can exalt Christ before the thoughtful mind of India. This is the turning point of the battle.

To Court and Not to Battle

It is seldom that a decision nominally on one point settles so many others, as does the decision of President Roosevelt to decline the European Powers' invitation to arbitrate in the Venezuela affair. In the first place it saves him and this country from entangling complications, the outcome of which no man can predict. In the second place our persistence in expressing a preference for The Hague Tribunal as arbitrator in the matter, and Great Britain, Germany and Italy's acquiescence in the suggestion, makes us virtual arbiter of the issue at stake, one involving South America's future as well as Venezuela's. This is a profoundly suggestive and important fact, as the peoples of Europe are coming to see. Thus to a degree the Monroe Doctrine has had confirmation in European concerted action. Thirdly, The Hague Tribunal has been saved from what must have proved fatal slight and contempt, and is now firmly established as part of the world's twentieth century mechanism for putting an end to war and its invariable waste of life and property. The British Ministry emerge from the affair discredited with their own followers. The German Foreign Office faces no such criticism from the German people, but it can scarcely be in a complacent mood. Our prestige in diplomatic circles has not been lessened.

In Praise of New England

The two most notable utterances on Forefathers' Day this year unquestionably were by New Englanders, bearing historic names—United States Senator George F. Hoar and Charles Francis Adams. Senator Hoar's address was given in Philadelphia before the New England Society, Mr. Adams's in Charleston, S. C., before a similar society. Mr. Hoar was optimistic on the whole, though regretting the reaction, North as well as South, against the Negro's political rights, and though still condemning the course of our history since we went to war with Spain. Mr. Adams, as usual, was frank, iconoclastic and indifferent to praise or blame. His thesis, buttressed by arguments resting on facts in our early history, was that the conflict between the State's rights theory and the Federal sovereignty theory was one that was inevitable, inherent in the structure of the compromise plan adopted by the fathers of the republic; and that, in short, the Civil War was foreordained, since tenets so opposite were held so tenaciously by men of such loyalty to conscience. And being conscientious, the Southerner, of course—as Mr. Adams reasons—was and is as deserving of honor as the Northener.

Mr. Chamberlain's First Speech in South Africa

Few reversals of opinion with respect to contemporary statesmen have been more striking than the altered mood of men like Mr. Morley as they contemplate Mr. Chamberlain playing the rôle of mediator in South Africa. He left England with the benediction of some of his most bitter enemies, who admitted that with him more than with any other man rested the fate of that portion of the empire; and even where they still hold that he was responsible for the war they concede that he is the only man who can draft a policy of reconstruction on lines averting the catastrophe of South Africa becoming another Ireland. Mr. Chamberlain landed at Durban, and has made a conciliatory speech defining in broad terms the mission on which he comes, the course to be pursued by the Imperial authorities, and the course which he hopes the inhabitants of the colonies—British and Dutch—will take. Whatever the outcome of his observation and counsel may be, the experience will mean much to Mr. Chamberlain. Already he has revolutionized the colonial office, vitalized its machinery, and made a record of constructive statesmanship which none of his predecessors had ventured to dream of, much less achieve. It stands to reason that when he returns to London there will be one section of the empire with which he can deal more intelligently than ever before. On the other hand, we foresee that intercourse with him will do much to modify the unfavorable opinion of him cherished by the Boer leaders, upon whom grave civic duties fall now that the war is over. To Lord Milner also the visit of his superior will mean much. Mr. Chamberlain has confidence in him, but he may find it necessary to overrule him in detail while loyally supporting his policy as a whole.

European Court Scandal

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria had already suffered so much from scandalous behavior by members of his family that it seemed as if a lower depth of sorrow and mortification could not be touched. But last week his granddaughter, the Crown Princess of Saxony, deserted her husband to take up with a French tutor, and his grandson, Archduke Leopold Ferdinand, her brother, renounced his rank and is now consorting with a Viennese adventuress who is beautiful. These happenings, of course, reveal anew the physical and moral shortcomings of the Hapsburg family, and make stand out in ever bolder profile the pathetic and woeful career of the monarch whose fine character and mediatorial influence have done so much to bind together the dual monarchy, and whose death all Europe fears will be the signal for trouble of the gravest sort. As one reads the record of what Francis Joseph has been called to endure through the weakness and wickedness of his kindred one knows not where in history—sacred or secular—to find a parallel.

Phillips Brooks

At a time when reconstruction in theology is going on, and when it is coming to be defined in terms of personality, it is timely, if for no other reason, to make fresh mention of Phillips Brooks. For he defined preaching as "the bringing of truth through personality." He recognized through observation and reflection, and without any special indebtedness to psychology as now understood, the fact which Professor James has made clear in his latest suggestive book that, whereas science may belittle personality, in the realm of religion it is "the one fundamental fact."

It was because he was the ideal exponent of his own theory of preaching, because he was a "man of the spirit" and not a philosopher like Martineau, or a reformer like Beecher, that he will ever be rated so highly as a preacher of the gospel. "Men are guided by type, not by argument. . . . It is the life of teachers which is catching, not their tenets," said Bagehot, echoing Newman. More recently the same truth has been put by Mr. H. W. Mabie, thus: "Great preaching is a continual disclosure of a beautiful spirit."

Phillips Brooks had that "wooing note," that power of persuasion without which, as Jowett of Birmingham, Dale's successor, says, no man ever has been or ever can be a great preacher. He had what Joseph Parker called "the tone of the great preaching. . . . It might come from a mother's solicitude. It might express a father's passion."

Surprising to most readers as was the revelation, in Professor Allen's biography of the man, of the range of his reading and his intellectual voracity and quickness of assimilation, even more amazing because more uncommon was the exclusion from his sermons of "that chopped hay of the schools," of those facts and opinions—stated as such—which had gone to form his own judgment, facts and opinions of contemporary history and literature which lesser men would have paraded forth as evidence of their knowledge or of their modernity.

So the apostles trained the heathen breast.
They argued not but preached, and conscience did the rest.

It is suggestive that both Drs. Gordon and Huntington now, as in their tributes written ten years ago, place emphasis upon the imaginative element of Phillips Brooks's mind, that sense of beauty, that potential if not fully recorded poet-soul within him, all of which combined have led Chadwick and others to call him "the artist-preacher." And it must be remembered that Professor Allen also puts "appropriation of truth by the imagination" as one of his three most distinctive mental characteristics. It is less disturbing to faith now than it formerly was to intimate that the Bible has imaginative literature as well as history in it, but there are still those who have to learn of "the imagination of the heart," and to know the profound inner meaning

of the late Dean C. C. Everett's saying that "religion is poetry believed in." Phillips Brooks would never have said as Channing did that the faith of the imagination is worthless; nor will he ever be thoroughly understood or placed in the highest place by those who are servitors of reason, using that word in its limited sense.

"Religion and life are one thing, or neither is anything," said George Macdonald. So thought Phillips Brooks, and the rare success he had in approximating in his life the truth which he held is his title to permanent fame. No sect or party within a sect is named after him. No variation of point of view in theology will date from his career as a thinker. Nevertheless, those who saw and heard him, whether casually, as did thousands, or often and intimately, as did the few, understand better than they ever otherwise could have what it means—to use a phrase of Amiel's—to be religious, namely, "to personify and embody the eternal." Or to put it differently, and with all reverence, they better understand the doctrine of the Incarnation.

His was a symbolic figure. The Japanese, as Bishop McVickar points out, instinctively called him "the Great Buddha," and the radical Unitarian—Chadwick—who finds fault with him for never understanding the "scientific method," and who would have had him more of a revolutionist after the type of Theodore Parker, is yet constrained to sing of him:

Here was a man cast in such generous mold
Of body, brain and conscience, heart and soul,
That if till now we never had been told
Of an eternal life and perfect goal
Beyond the verge of this our mortal space,
Straightway of such we should conceive, and dare
Believe it builded in God's boundless grace,
After this man's great fashion, high and fair.

There have been many attempts to appraise the man. Probably the best terse characterization of him is one written by Prof. G. H. Palmer, in letters of bronze where Harvard youth may read it:

A preacher of righteousness and hope, majestic in stature, impetuous in utterance, rejoicing in truth, unhampered by bonds of church or station, he brought by his life and doctrine fresh faith to a people, fresh meaning to ancient creeds. . . .

The service which this particular issue of *The Congregationalist* renders is this: It records for the benefit of some who may never have seen and heard the great preacher the affection, trust, reverence and intellectual and spiritual indebtedness of some of those men whom he knew best and who best knew him. His sermons and addresses as read by coming generations will not, cannot, disclose him, because cold type cannot convey the regal manner of the noble thought's utterance and the distinct impression of genius as a preacher which he made on all who heard him. His personality will have to be interpreted in the light of such testimonies as we are fortunate enough to be able to assemble. And as the years go on and men die such testimonies will become more and more difficult to obtain.

Spiritual and ethical interests coming before the next Congress may count on receiving hearty support from a newly elected member, H. K. Porter of Pittsburg, Pa., formerly a student at Newton and Rochester Theological Seminaries, once a member of the International Y. M. C. A. Committee, formerly president of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, and now president of the American Baptist Missionary Union. He is now one of the leading manufacturers and citizens of Pittsburg, and a hearty supporter of all good causes, civic and philanthropic. Congress needs men of his stamp.

Our Attitude Toward the Cruder Faiths

Each of us lives inevitably in the atmosphere of his own beliefs. Religious controversy is not good form and in the freedom of America our neighbor's opinions cease to be obtrusive. From the lives of most of us the polemic element has departed. We never have occasion to argue, still less to fight or suffer for our religious opinions.

The result is that we are neither compelled to define our own religious beliefs nor to recognize with any vividness the fact that men about us are shaping life by opinions which we consider totally outworn or even silly. The variety of religions is not historical, merely, it is contemporary, and the high and low still exist side by side.

Most men, we suppose, associate the stone age with its rude animism or fetishism, its lake dwellings and cannibal feasts, with extinct creatures like the dodo. Yet it exists today in the South Seas, hardly touched by Christianity or civilization. The worship of the snake, the cow, the crocodile as incarnations of divinity is the soul-life of millions. We think of persecutions for religion's sake as ended; but though fire and torture have ceased, the Christians of many countries still suffer loss for Christ. The theory of compelling uniformity has never been disowned and the will to persecute is still avowed.

If these faiths and persecutions seem remote, consider the queer opinions which your next neighbor here in America may hold. He may believe that Adam is God, that in heaven the saints are to have many wives, that the ancients can only be saved by being born into the bodies of infants on the earth, and you call him a Mormon. But there are hundreds of thousands of them, and their churches are in our cities. He may believe that there is no such thing as matter, that a jumping tooth is an illusion and smallpox an imagination of the deceived heart, and he—or rather she—calls herself a Christian Scientist, and has her churches on our streets. He may believe that one Dowie, who makes lace in Illinois, is Elijah returned to this earth and that he can work miracles; and his churches grow in our neighborhoods. He may have made a mumbo-jumbo of his own absurd misinformation of what Christ claims and teaches and have no use at all for churches and he makes a multitude about us.

There are good men who are dividing Christ's body because the name of God is not in the constitution, or because hymns are sung or organs used, or the hand of a bishop has not blessed the head of the man who blesses the bread; or because the water of baptism is much or little, or the succession of the week, which they believe dates from the beginning, is not followed. There are quarrels of a hundred years ago alive to plague the church today. There are adorers of bones—like the crowds who gathered a few months ago for the annual *novena* in honor of St. Anne, the grandmother of our Lord, at a church in New York where a portion of her osseous tissue is treasured.

This particular cult of bone adoration deserves a moment's study because it gives us a remarkable instance of the survival of beliefs. It is like a scene from Italy, or Mexico, or the middle ages. "Each face reflected the awe and veneration felt for the relic. Old, tottering women, deformed and palsied, were helped into the church to subject themselves to the curative power. The interior of the little church, particularly the altar, was decorated with golden vessels, flowers and wax candles, which filled the room with a wavering half light. In the vestibules the sisters of the church were selling rosaries, pictures of the Saviour and the saints and other souvenirs." From the clear, hard light of a New York street you step at once into the middle ages, with all the miracle-working illusion and shrewd money-gathering of a spectacular religion.

What, then, shall we say to this continuance or recrudescence, side by side with better forms of faith, of outworn follies, stupidities and superstitions? First of all, we must never lose our reverence for faith. The man who believes is our brother. There is hope when men are seeking to put themselves in touch with God, however ignorantly. The hopeless stage is utter unbelief. He who despises faith, however misdirected, despises God. Better the adoration of the bones of St. Anne by the ignorant seeker after God, than any fashionable atheism of culture or self-indulgence.

It may be true that God has called us to the highest and best instructed class in his world school—as many of us believe he has; but that is all the more a reason why we should be kindly in our thought of less advanced or misled brothers. Denying opinions is no reason for not loving men. No man was ever driven to right beliefs, however he may submit to forcible conformities. God has not finished his work with any of his children here on earth—not even with us to whom a clearer light is given. If it is light, we must let it shine. And if it is the true light we need never fear that it will fail to prove attractive to those whose eyes are fitted to its rays.

The Week of Prayer

The topics suggested by the Evangelical Alliance for the Week of Prayer rightly begin by assuming that the Church of Christ has an aggressive part to play in the world. It is the church militant before it can hope to become the church triumphant. It has a witness to bear to men. The true method of defense for our Christian hopes is by attacking the strongholds of wickedness. When the energy of Christians is devoted mainly to theological subtilties or controversies it is a sign of decay. It is when the heart of the church is set upon the active work of Christ and full of the hope of his victory that it stands highest in power among men.

For the new year, therefore, in prayer and hope and planning we need to sound

the note that calls to active and aggressive work. This way lies obedience and with it courage to endeavor and endure. For the hope that was set before him, Christ endured; he will not ask his followers to undertake his work on earth without that aid of expectation.

No church is decadent so long as it is aggressively busy with witness bearing. There is no conserving element for the essential things of doctrine and of worship which can compare with genuine missionary enthusiasm. No man is in danger of drifting out of touch with Christ so long as the desire to bear witness by word and deed and gift is regnant in his soul. For he who is close to men in service has the mind of Christ who came not to be ministered unto but to minister.

Rightly, therefore, the suggestions which begin with prayer for the church militant proceed with consecutive remembrance of the great fields into which, for convenience of thought and efficiency of administration, we divide the work which Christ has entrusted to us. Abroad, at home, with the children of our families and schools, in social and political life—in spite of differing methods the work is really one. Where testimony cannot be personal, it is a privilege to offer it by deputy. He who sustains the work is sharer in its blessing and its hopes. Our pastors, teachers and evangelists are not men apart. They are agents of the brotherhood for this peculiar service, as every one of us is an agent for our own special work. So far as we sustain them it is our work we pray for when we pray for them.

This should be the keynote of our prayers and our endeavors for the coming year. Never mind defense or apology—God will take care of the defense of his own. Our thought cannot be established by controversy, but it may be made influential in action. If it tends to selfishness, excluding thought of others and obscuring Christ's claims of obedience in service, it is not God's thought. Unless we have some gift to offer to the world our Christianity and our theology are valueless. When our aggressive action wholly ceases we are near to death. The only church which Christ threatens wholly to reject and repudiate was a lukewarm church.

In Brief

Thank you, ministerial brethren, for the pleasant words you are putting in your church calendars and papers about *The Congregationalist.*

It is hard to believe that any one will read the revelations of the character of Phillips Brooks in this issue without an impulse and a purpose to live a nobler life.

Many dainty reminders have come to us during the holiday season, none more appropriate and beautiful than those from British friends. One of the choicest of these bears the single motto, "Lest we forget."

Dr. Lorenz, the famous Austrian surgeon, remarks that though he knows something about surgery he was obliged to pass an examination at Chicago before he was allowed to practice, while he was given the degree of Doctor of Laws, of which he knows nothing, without any examination. That is an illustration of the caution we exercise in receiving a genuine service and the freedom with which we give a compliment.

It is fitting that the first memorial service to be announced in honor of Phillips Brooks is scheduled for Trinity Church, Boston, on Friday, Jan. 23, the exact date of the tenth anniversary of his death. The two dioceses in Massachusetts will unite in appropriate exercises. A representative gathering of Boston citizens will be held at noon on that day at Faneuil Hall, at which President Eliot, Hon. John D. Long, Robert Treat Paine and Drs. Hale, Parks and Gordon will speak.

Prin. P. T. Forsyth very cleverly remarks that Drummond's narrative of James Martineau's experiences with Unitarianism, in the recently published biography of Martineau, shows that the latter found the denomination "a religious hotel rather than a home." He points out that Martineau after all was too much of an individualist to be at home in any denomination. He has many imitators today. The hotel and apartment-house type of Christian increases in number.

The first grants from the new Carnegie institution for scientific research have been made, and a liberal portion has been awarded to Prof. W. O. Atwater of Wesleyan University to prosecute investigations with the respiration calorimeter. Professor Atwater's results from experiments of the operation of alcohol on the human system have been rejected by some temperance reformers, but he seems to have retained the confidence of scientific investigators.

The call of a South Dakota pastor to an Illinois church, chronicled in our Record this week, is unique in that it was extended solely upon the pastor's record, the church having neither seen nor heard him. This is the second time such an experience has befallen the same man, his present church having called him from a Connecticut field in the same way. We think this method of procedure speaks well for the churches as well as for the pastor, and is a splendid contrast to the abuses of the candidating system.

One of the most tireless workers in the ranks of the ministers of any denomination is Rev. Edward Abbott, D. D., of St. James Church, Cambridge. A brother of Lyman Abbott, he possesses similar versatility. He has just completed a long term of editorial labors in connection with the *Literary World*, and has resigned his position as editor. Somewhat wearied with his varied and incessant duties, Dr. Abbott now proposes to take a trip to Cuba and Mexico and will pay special attention to missionary agencies in those countries. We shall hope to have something from his pen for our readers.

Not all the American students who go abroad to study theology these days resort to the famous German schools. The Scottish universities seem to be appealing strongly to our young men. There are no less than eleven Americans at the Free Church College in Glasgow this winter. Dr. Denney's classroom seems to be particularly attractive to the students. One of them is Mr. Paul Moody, a son of D. L. Moody, in regard to whom this comment comes in a private letter from Scotland: "He impresses us as a strong, shrewd man, very honest and outspoken." That looks as if he were a chip of the old block.

Dr. Fairbairn's great work, The Philosophy of the Christian Religion, is universally accorded a high if not the foremost place among the important theological works of the past year. It happens to be one of those expensive books which the ordinary minister hesitates about purchasing. The price is invariably $3.50, without discount. We count ourselves fortunate, therefore, in being able to offer it to our readers for only $2, in addition to the cost of *The Congregationalist* at club rates. Or, in other words, we offer the paper for fifty cents a year in addition to the usual price of the book. The offer is open to new and old subscribers alike, but twenty-five cents must be added when the book is sent by mail.

The daily Bible readings which appear in our Handbook this year are doing a service on both sides the Atlantic. The Young People's Union, an organization which is gaining a strong hold upon English Congregational churches, is sending out these readings in its annual Handbook just issued. It is pleasant that Christians in two countries that have so much in common are to use the same material as a basis for their devotional reading during the coming year. With a view to making these readings more helpful, we are to furnish every week short comments on the passages treated. Such a treatment of the subject-matter in so brief a compass must necessarily be suggestive rather than exhaustive, but we hope it may illumine, to some degree at least, the passages referred to. The first installment of these articles appears on page 36 under the title The Daily Portion. We shall be glad to have our readers signify their interest in this new department.

Our brethren on the Pacific coast undertook last year to bring about a Congregational Congress at which California, Oregon and Washington should be represented. But circumstances did not favor such a meeting and it was postponed until 1903. It has now been definitely appointed for May 8–17, at Seattle. It is bound to be one of the most important denominational meetings of the year. It is to be honored by the presence of Rev. G. Campbell Morgan. Already a strong committee, headed by Rev. W. H. G. Temple, D. D., and Rev. E. L. Smith, is at work preparing the program and arousing interest. Like its predecessor at San Francisco and Oakland three years ago, it ought to prove of great value to our Congregational forces on the Pacific coast in the way of unifying them and making more clear their special mission and opportunities. Success to this Pacific coast congress!

Anything to which the name of Charles M. Sheldon can be attached seems to constitute, in the judgment of the daily press, live news. But sometimes imagination outruns the facts in the case, as in the recent statement so widely circulated with regard to Mr. Sheldon's interesting himself in an insurance company. In response to a letter, he assures us that although a company has recently been formed in Kansas on whose board of directors are several ministers and several of his church members, he himself has no official connection with it and does not know enough about its plans to speak intelligently about it. We fancy Mr. Sheldon is sticking these days pretty closely to his normal vocation wherein he has registered such conspicuous success. We mean that of preacher, pastor, author and reformer.

A notable meeting of New England educators and public-spirited citizens was held last Monday in Boston, to do honor to the memory of Alice Freeman Palmer, and to arrange for some memorial which will worthily call her life and work to the mind of coming generations. The privilege of arranging modes of inviting contributions and of selecting the form the memorial shall take devolves upon a committee of which President Eliot of Harvard is chairman, and Governor Crane, President Tucker of Dartmouth, Mr. R. W. Gilder of *The Century*, and Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw are members. President Tucker, in his estimate of Mrs. Palmer, stated that in his opinion she, better than any one recently living in New England, with the possible exception of Phillips Brooks, had exemplified those ideals of life which are to be cherished by men and women of the spirit. To those to whose initiative this project is due the Christian public owes a debt of gratitude, for it will enable countless persons scattered about the world to show in some permanent way the debt they owe to a "woman of the spirit."

The Annie Laurie Mine:

A Story of Love, Economics and Religion*

By David N. Beach

Synopsis of Earlier Chapters

Chapter I.—Duncan McLeod, head assayer of the Annie Laurie Mine, contends with his friend, John Hope, president of the mine, that "This do" compasses the gospel. He maintains that Drummond and Sheldon so teach. John undertakes to establish the contrary from Drummond's biography, but makes little headway because of Duncan's vehemence. He recalls, too, Duncan's splendid influence and deeds at the mine. Duncan, however, is ill at ease within himself.

Chapter II.—John Hope is son of a weaver of Fall River. The family allows itself three luxuries, books, giving, and a four days' outing each summer in New York. They visit not only libraries and art galleries, but tenement houses. The father, from what the latter reveal, tells his children the kind of monument mother and father covet. He admits the uses of trades unions, but his conscience forbids him to join them. He will, when their principles are better. John, barely in his teens, invents an electrical instrument, the patent on which, after receiving a terrible browbeating, he sells to one of the great electrical concerns for ten thousand dollars. "The way out."

Chapter III.

He Registers a Vow, and Chooses His Weapon

With four thousand dollars, after school, the afternoon following his return from New York, John Hope bought the home he long had selected for his mother and father. He expected it would have cost five thousand, but, for cash, the owner was glad to take four. The six thousand remaining from the sale of his invention, he judiciously invested under Mr. L——'s direction.

The next week, though amidst terms, he entered Phillips Academy, Andover; and Dr. Bancroft, who loved him from first sight, began doing for him what, for eight and twenty years, he ceased not to do for boys by scores and by hundreds until he fell on sleep. May some Thomas Hughes arise to paint his portrait, as Arnold of Rugby's was painted!

Two years later, in the winter before he entered college, John Hope spent a night in Boston. He did so in order to visit the Prospect Union of Cambridge, Harvard University's college for workingmen. Under the inspiring direction of Mr. Ely, its founder, he looked it carefully over; heard Colonel Higginson tell the men of the union about the attempted release of Anthony Burns, the fugitive slave, in Boston's darkest hour; sat with the men through the discussion that occupied the remainder of their smoke-talk evening, and, as he left, assured Mr. Ely, —who took his pay, as he went along, in hundreds of such testimonies,—that he knew a workingman who, had such opportunities been his in youth, might have broken free, and, instead of tending looms that day, might have been teaching history, perhaps even at Harvard.

John Hope walked to Boston that night, across the West Boston Bridge. He wished to be alone under the stars. Something had happened. The evening's touch with a prophet of the past, the story of an old struggle, the sight of those eager workingmen and of the young man, their leader, who was bringing them into larger life, gave it background and setting. What was it that had happened?

He had entered the office of a large electrical concern late that afternoon, he knew not why. Pointing to a certain instrument, he said: "Would you pardon my asking—for I have always been interested in electricity—what that device is probably worth to its owners?" "Our company," was the reply, "pays an annual royalty on it of fifteen thousand dollars to the —— company, and that cannot be half what it earns them, not to speak of their own free use of it."

This was why he wished to be alone under the stars now. Bunker Hill Monument, to the left, stood, a pale specter, reflecting the city's light. The State House dome, to the right, rose silent over all. Silhouetted against the southern sky loomed the towers of Phillips Brooks' Trinity Church and her sisters. Behind him—for he often turned, and looked back—lay the ancient university, the height and meaning of Memorial Hall its crown. Orion, too, was setting over Mt. Auburn, the Westminster Abbey of the North American continent. He drank it all in. He reached his hotel. In his room he sat, with closed eyes, buried in tumultuous and deep thought until the city clocks, striking two, aroused him. Then he kneeled, and said these words: "O God, give me poise and calm; give me wisdom and strength; and cause that I do not die until I shall have made the economic system that could so rob a poor weaver's boy pay dearly therefor. Not vindictively, O God; thou knowest my heart; but justly, and for everybody's good. Amen."

In the strength of that prayer John Hope went many days. It had for him all the solemnity and binding force of a vow, and at the same time all the sweetness and preciousness of a tryst with his heavenly Father at a supreme moment of his life.

John Hope was a son of Massachusetts. As such he should have gone to Harvard. He was proud of the most ancient of American universities, almost to the point of mortal sin. He had gloried in it from a child. His admiration for its president took him to Boston or to Cambridge many a time to hear him speak. "There is a man," he would say,—for this son of the weaver scholar divined what the problem of modern education is,— "There is a man, with every power at perfect command, bent on doing one great and emergent thing, and doing it in such wise that the debt to him of America, of the world, and of this age, can never be discharged." This his hero worship, to tell the truth, became one of the large impulses in his own valiant fight. He liked, too, the quiet dignity of Harvard, contrasting it with what, in those days, he called the "Yale bumptiousness." He liked its high standards of scholarship; its even, cheerful mood; its strong, ethical bent; its touch with the larger movements of citizenship and of human thought. Its pulpit and its board of preachers,—Brooks, Hale, Gordon, Abbott,—moved him immensely. "Mornings in the College Chapel," by the chairman of the board, when it appeared later, became at once a companion of his devotions. As we have seen, the Prospect Union especially appealed to him. But he went to Yale.

It came about in this way. In the March before he was graduated from Phillips, he got from Dr. Bancroft a three days' leave of absence, and went to New Haven. Dwight L. Moody was there for a day, and found him. Dwight Hall and the Intercollegiate Young Men's Christian Association laid hold upon him. He caught the temper of the great camp of students, and got wings from their tempest of song. He went into the Battell Chapel, and heard a thousand men say, "Our Father." "If I turn my back on Harvard, I shall regret it all my life," he exclaimed. "Oh, that each university might learn from the other! But I am nearer here to the great academic heart of America, and I must not be without it if I am to win my battle." His vow was working in him. He was making a preliminary choice of weapons.

At Yale, as at Phillips, he worked his way. At Phillips he ran a students' eating-house; at Yale, the co-operative store. His aptitude for business was so great that neither of these undertakings was so much a burden to him as a pastime, and that, from both, he not only paid his way, but added considerably to his capital.

In both of these institutions he was one of the better scholars. Without technique enough for distinction, he always, his instructors felt, did excellent work, and laid a grip on his subjects second to that of no student in them.

He utilized his vacations, too. Some representative journey was generally taken each summer, besides two or three happy weeks spent in his old home. In 1898, at Northfield, he met Henry Drummond. Drummond, like a loadstone, drew him to Scotland. That made him and Duncan McLeod acquainted, and bosom friends.

John Hope was a social genius. He knew everybody. He sized things up. He sensed movement and spirit, and molded them mightily. Several student reforms of his time at Yale were due to his silent initiative and to his modest leadership. He was business manager of the Yale football team. At the end of his Junior year he put on the Skull and Crossbones, with their implied authentications of power. When he sang

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his last song with his class, dismantled his room and, with his heart in his throat, started for New York, what he had done at New Haven was of itself a noble monument to William and Mary Hope.

By means like these he laid deep and strong his social foundations. He had a very wide acquaintance. It was among the best. Everybody liked him. Everybody had confidence in him. Unto him that had was given. Also, he had learned to handle men, to measure movements, to organize and to impel. These things, as he planned and hoped, were to be facile instruments, ready to his hand, in the great, bloodless war that waited.

But why did he go to New York? What was to be his life-weapon, his calling? Let us glance back. The choice was rooted in the past.

John Hope was an earnest Christian. He was such from early childhood. All the Hope children were. They could not help it. It had been longed for and prayed for before they began to be. The longing and praying ceased not until their fulfilment. But William and Mary Hope helped to answer their prayers. They impersonated Jesus Christ.

With William Hope the whole subject was a great deep. His words about Christ and about Christianity were few. Family worship constituted almost exclusively his vent. In his comments on Scripture, simple, apt, profound, moving, and in his prayers, as if in the immediate presence of God, you divined a little of what the gospel was to him.

"Higher Criticism?" he once said to Mr. L——, "thank God for it! I read all of it I can lay my hands on. I was a higher critic myself before I knew there was such a thing. Every one to whom history is more than words has to be. But if more of those who write on the subject, had the Bible like iron in their blood, it would be a very different writing they would give us. It is their sin, almost their blasphemy, that, without having it in their blood, they attempt tasks that otherwise no one can fulfill. What we require is, not less exhaustive research, not less candor and fearlessness in treating the facts, but more insight, less that is rash and destructive, more that builds. The Bible is surcharged with divine life. It cares very little about the conductor it employs. It throws its current along poetry, parable, fiction, sinful men, peoples and ages; even popular error it does not disdain. All of them become live wires."

Mary Hope, on the contrary, was a mystic. She was a Highland lass, a Menzies, brought to Massachusetts in her tenth year. She had a singular poise, balance, comprehensiveness and fairness of mind; was intensely practical; and yet lived daily as in a higher world, and walked with God.

To William Hope the gospel was a philosophy, the profoundest, the simplest. It underran history, and was its key. The new science, rightly taken, emancipated it for its world work. Caught up into the third heaven, in this sense, he had heard unspeakable words, and his own words were correspondingly few. A perpetual calm, a cheerful trust, a daily helpfulness, a simple gladness of life, were his. To Mary Hope the gospel was a daily presence with her of Him that drew nigh to the Emmaus-going disciples. It was light, life, vision. She, too, was reticent about religion, but a sentence from her, now and then, changed her children's lives.

Out of a religious environment like this, so deep, so real, so cheerful, so comprehensive, John Hope very early began pondering, carefully and prayerfully, the question, how he might sell his life dearest. To be a foreign missionary, to bring Christ where he had never been heard of, would have been his supreme delight. To be a minister would have been his second choice. To be a Christian worker, among young men, for example, or in the slums, would have been his third. His notion of what might be accomplished by minister, or Christian worker, completely devoted to his work, was very high. This was one of the things that drew him to Henry Drummond.

But John Hope did not feel at liberty so to indulge himself. He had not visited the New York tenement houses yearly for nothing. Not in vain had he heard his father tell, after such visits, the kind of monument that his mother and father coveted. He knew, too, where the center of the battle, in his time, lay; namely, in the industrial-economic situation. He felt great powers therefor, already stirring within him; and even before his electrical invention he was beginning to be conscious, like young David of old, of the divine summons, to go down into the small and faltering camp that was gathering against the Philistines.

He had as little faith, ultimately, in labor organizations, as in the great combinations of capital. He appreciated the arguments for them; he repeatedly sided with them; but he failed to discern, amid their so different attitudes and points of view, any intrinsic difference of principle. "When the Carpenter of Nazareth gets a Union on its feet," he would say, "capitalists will be in it; and artisans will be in it; and which is which will be hardly discernible; and one great, good victory, it may be in some isolated place, will become a contagion, like Bannockburn, where the armored knights went down before the pikemen, and the solid squares could not be broken. But with the pikemen were the best blood and strongest estates of Scotland, the twain at one in a common love of country and of God. No large emancipation ever came otherwise."

For like reasons John Hope steered clear of civics organizations, and good government clubs. "They are a sign of the times," he would say; "I am glad for them; but I would give more for liquor put out of a city of considerable size, and partisanship put out of its politics, and idealism seizing on all classes of its people, and a chance for working men, such as Cambridge and its Prospect Union afford an example of,—by no means an isolated example, either,—than for the whole roster of them. Not, of course," he would add, "that organization and agitation have not their place; but a proposition put into flesh and blood, into a clean city, and into a city hall fit to be a sanctuary, is worth a thousand of them."

Among business possibilities, electricity was his chief attraction. The gross wrong that had been done him in the matter of his invention did not deter him. It never ceased, indeed, to hurt. The hurt neither embittered him, nor made him vindictive. Ever present with him, however, was that prayer on Beacon Hill, in his Phillips Academy days, that he might make a system that was capable of such an act, pay dearly for it, though in righteousness and for the good of all. No; he wanted to go into electricity because he loved it; because he had power in it; because its possibilities were only beginning to be developed; and because it would be sweet to get his holy vengeance within, and not outside, its citadel. But he knew how it was organized. He knew about the telephone girls, and the tramway employees. He knew its hold on legislatures and city councils, and its eductions of courts. He did not despairs even of it; but he knew that it was good strategy to engage the enemy in the open, not intrenched and fortified as electricity was.

This matter of "the open" led him to the Rocky Mountains and to mining. Theodore Roosevelt's ranch and hunting life first drew his attention to the general area. He visited it during a summer vacation in his college days. He lost his heart to it, like the Semites to Arabia and to Sinai. After a seemingly interminable ocean of prairie, growing more and more arid and brown, to behold the far-off peaks, like flecks of cloud along the horizon; to enter their presence, a north-and-south running line of turrets and battlements, discernible, in the dry, clear air, a hundred miles to the north and as far to the south; to ascend the cañons, and find one's self amidst a sea of eroded and snowy peaks, with their diversified colors, their grimness, their austerity, their scant vegetation, their wonder of cliffs, cañon walls and mineral outcroppings; and to come under the spell of a remote, heroic, unrecorded past, suggested only by the fortified eyries of the cliff dwellers, and under the spell of the future, as at the Divide of the World, set betwixt the Orient and the Occident, and potent for the weal or woe of both,—all this drew him with a fascination that was almost weird.

When, in his Scottish journey, he came to know and to love Duncan McLeod, and learned from him, as an expert, the possibilities of the region, and, above all, found in him a kindred spirit, eager to join him in exploiting them,—the die was cast. He had chosen his weapon.

Chapter IV., entitled Two Women of Stirling, will appear next week.

Christian News from Everywhere

The group of school buildings at Tokyo, Japan, maintained by the Missionary Association of Philadelphia Friends, has been destroyed by fire.

Last Sunday throughout New England the Methodist churches held services commemorative of Jesse Lee, the apostle of Methodism, who introduced the faith into New England and preached the first sermon under the old elm on the Boston Common, 112 years ago. The principal meetings were held at Boston, Worcester and Springfield. At every meeting a collection was taken to found a Jesse Lee professorship at Boston University.

The Permanent Influence of Phillips Brooks

By Rev. E. Winchester Donald, D. D.

Rector Trinity Church, Boston

In the seventh volume of Sermons by Phillips Brooks, the sermon for the fourth Sunday in Lent closes with these words: "By any discontent you now have with your life, by any longing for a better heart, by the solemn responsibility you owe to God, by the great unutterable love of Christ, *I beg you, as if I went from ear to ear*, not to let this Lent pass without confessing your sinfulness and being forgiven, and becoming a grateful servant of Jesus Christ."

Few preachers, I think, would venture thus to suggest, even with a delicacy which does not lessen the vividness of it, the act of going from pew to pew and pleading personally with the individuals who occupied them. Only a preacher unconscious of his peculiar power could do that, and yet shield himself successfully from the unspoken protest: "You are taking too much for granted. You would be guilty of incivility bordering on offensive intrusion. And what presumption is yours, for you imply that if you came to us individually you would persuade us." From such a protest Bishop Brooks was safe. We may believe that many a man in the audience which listened to that sermon wished that the preacher might pass from pew to pew and communicate directly something of his own fire. There was that in the personality of Phillips Brooks which wrought powerfully upon nearly all who came in close contact with him, and of which he himself was for the most part unconscious. It refuses to be analyzed; all any one may say is that he possessed and wielded it.

To this exceptional quality of personality much of Bishop Brooks's influence is due. Men and women who never saw him, or who did not know him, are bewildered by the expressions of enthusiastic reverence from the lips of hundreds who could have known him but slightly. The sermons and lectures he published are full of poetry, insight and inspiration, but they fail to produce in those who read them but never heard him preach the peculiar impression made upon those who heard them and who knew the man. Men and women who are ignorant of the distinctive character of the bishop's thought, whose intellectual conceptions of individual and corporate religion he seems scarcely to have touched, and other men and women who dissented from many of his opinions and deplored several of his acts, were alike profoundly impressed by him as a prophet.

I have heard men in the same breath declare their radical and ardent disagreement with some of his most cherished convictions respecting theological truth and ecclesiastical order, and their abiding gratitude for his illumination of the problems of life. This mixture of criticism and appreciation is strong testimony to the marvelous quality of his personality, which melted antagonisms and won spiritual assent. And when such a personality is backed up by great gifts of imagination, skill in analysis, unerring insight and an apparently casual but really vigilant observation, and no less by a considerable body of fine literary work, his influence is bound to be lasting.

And lasting Bishop Brooks's influence is. In his lifetime there was a small number of folk who took delight in simply watching the movement of his magnificent powers. They stood consciously apart from the spiritual purpose which lived in his burning soul, were spectators merely of the exhibition of fiery zeal which uttered itself in poetry, literary charm and splendid bursts of genuine eloquence, and were satisfied with the massive emotions he produced in them. When those emotions subsided they were unchanged. Bishop Brooks was aware of the presence of these men in the multitudes to whom he ministered. He had no illusions.

But the great body of those who crowded to hear him wherever he was to preach caught from him visions of noble living and became conscious of a wish and a power to transmute them into the substance of character. He changed the lives of men permanently. "Go be the best man Christ has showed you you may become," he cried one Sunday afternoon from the pulpit of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and a young Oxford undergraduate, theretofore untouched by a hundred appeals, went out into the tumult of London, resolved to try to "be that best man." Ten years afterward that man told me that that single sentence changed the purposes of his life. He had heard the words a score of times. From the lips of Brooks they came to him as a command he dared not disobey.

I believe that young Englishman's experience is paralleled by that of hundreds of young men in America. At any rate, many men, now in middle life, have soberly assured me that although they never exchanged a word with him, Brooks had elicited in them, by the powerful alchemy of his personality, as they sat in some dim recess of Trinity Church on the afternoon of a winter's Sunday, the desire, and then the determination, to live a righteous life. And this testimony was given, not only in that period of strong emotion which followed hard upon his death, but in recent years, when gratitude and loyalty, though less demonstrative, are still deep and firm. It is these traces of his work and influence which are infinitely more significant of his true greatness than are the unfading stories of picturesque acts or of large-minded utterances.

In his purely pastoral work this exceptional power of personality wrought effects wholly incommensurate with the amount of direct effort he made to produce them. A half dozen lines in a hastily written letter brought courage and hope and cheer. A swift word of greeting or of sympathy, warm with affection, tender with intelligent appreciation, frequently created the happy feeling of being loved and understood by him, and was cherished for years. Scores of brief letters, written to persons whom he scarcely knew, have been shown me during the last ten years, frequently with the remark: "When I am discouraged or unhappy I read this letter, and somehow courage returns. I would not lose it for worlds." The tone of gratitude with which this is invariably said is very beautiful. And the memory of the single visit he made to a parishioner's home is still vivid to every member of the household. I have heard these visits described again and again with no least diminution of the original happiness they gave. He had the faculty of achieving by a stroke of the pen, or by a grasp of the hand with a few simple words, a conquest which less gifted men must toil for long and hard.

The consequence was that he became a great pastor to his people at a cost of half the care and time other men must expend, perhaps only to gain the reputation of being indifferent pastors. Many persons came to believe they were his intimate friends and evinced the warmest loyalty to him, whose intercourse with him was limited to a half hour's conversation in his study in the chapel, or the rectory. A certain capaciousness of nature, an immediate and warm sympathy, a very remarkable insight into the mental states and unspoken feelings of those who sought him with a serious purpose, combined to make a visit to him memorable and the influence of it lasting.

After the lapse of ten years there is no sign of a decaying love for him in his parish, or of a decline in the spiritual influence he so widely and powerfully wielded. Indeed, it is not exaggeration to claim that the power of his ministry over all those whose religious life he quickened and purified, and whose views of doctrine and order he critically formed, has increased with the years. Since his death new problems have been started in men's minds. It is interesting to note how naturally and confidently his disciples turn to his sermons to find illumination upon these problems in the *principles of life* which the sermons abundantly and lucidly furnish. "Brooks said about Christianity all that will be said for a hundred years, whatever be the changes a century may bring. I read his earlier sermons in much the same way I read one of Bacon's essays. Brooks and Bacon speak from life to life. Neither of them is likely to become antiquated. They are *timeless* men." There is truth in that appreciation.

Trinity Church is open every day. In the course of a year thousands visit it. And of these thousands there are few, if any, who do not find their feet, instantly and instinctively, leading them straight to the bust of the great preacher. One cannot enter the church without a sight of some one, and frequently of a little group, standing before the bust, and looking up in mingled gratitude and affection into the face of the "man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost."

Christmas, 1902.

Public education is no handmaid of order and law, unless order and law are the handmaid of education.—*Horace Bushnell.*

Leading Ideas of Phillips Brooks

By Rev. Leighton Parks, D. D.
Rector Emmanuel Church, Boston

After the monumental work of Professor Allen any attempts to tell what were the leading ideas of Phillips Brooks would be futile. There the secrets of the heart and mind are revealed. My task is far less ambitious. It is to speak of three sermons which happen to have peculiar interest for me and which I think will show certain leading ideas which underlay his preaching.

I think it was in 1872, in the church of the Holy Trinity in New York, that I first heard him preach. His text was, "Quit you like men." We were reminded that all men instinctively wish to realize themselves—to be something different from what they were. The boy's hope to be a "man" did not die out till the heart was dead.

But what is a man? The boy takes some hero as his guide and emulates him. Probably it is some man physically strong and active. Could we say of one who never went beyond this that he had quitted himself like a man? The city was filled with youths whose highest ambition was wealth. To be rich, to be able to gratify every whim, to have power without character, influence without respect, wealth without responsibility—could it be that this was the meaning of manliness? There was no concrete example given of what he meant. Nor was it necessary. It was in the days of Jay Gould and "Jim" Fiske—the individual highwayman—before public robbery had been incorporated.

So by a process of elimination he cast aside the mere scholar, the selfish, self-cultured man contemptuous of the "people who knew not the law," the politician pretending to be the people's servant and using them for his own purposes, the mere philanthropist, who gave but never really helped, not knowing that the only true help is to enable a man to become a man. If none of these things made a man, what was Paul's meaning? Whom did he have in mind as the type of manliness? Jesus Christ.

Today, especially in this community, it is hard to realize the thrill with which the inevitable conclusion was reached. For myself, and I am sure I was but typical of hundreds trained in the orthodox theology, I had never heard Jesus Christ called a man! I had heard of the Son of Man, but unconsciously I had been walking—to use a theological term—in the shadows of Docetism—the life of Jesus was an unreal life; this he did "as man" and that "as God" and now I heard of the man Christ Jesus, his companionship and attraction, his courage and dignity. The glory of his nature was revealed in his will, which refused the evil and chose the good. The mystery of the incarnation was hidden in the secret consciousness of a unity with God which began before the world was, a perfectly natural state for Man, and it would continue forever after death. A man was a human being filled with God, revealing God in every look and word and deed. To quit oneself like a man was not to be a partial man—physical, intellectual, industrial, political—but to be a full man according to the capacity of each one.

That great concourse of people moved silently out of that church awed by a sense of the solemnity of life, strengthened by the inspiration of the hope of making something of oneself because God willed to fill us too with glory, comforted by the assurance that the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us and that we had seen his glory, "the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." This, I think, might be called the leading idea of Brooks, that the incarnation revealed the true nature of man.

The second sermon I heard him preach was a year later in his brother Arthur's church, the Church of the Incarnation, also in New York. It was a Sunday afternoon in Advent and the text was, "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh." I expected a sermon on death. His subject was, The Inexhaustible Interest of Life!

The final coming of Christ was not to be a catastrophe, bringing to naught the dear and familiar life of earth. It was to be interpreted as the culmination of innumerable delightful experiences; for that which gives to life its interest is surprise. We often hear men say they would not live life over again; but that does not mean that life has been a dreadful experience, it means that they cannot bear the thought of repeating a life in which all the unexpected things would be anticipated. Take out of life all anticipation of sudden and unexpected happenings of good as well as evil and life would be a dreadful thing. Take from heaven the expectation of the unknown and it would become horrible. The final coming of the Son of Man will be but the culmination of the wonderful and rich surprises of earth and the beginning of new and unimaginable surprises in heaven, so that eternity shall have perennial interest.

Then came the innumerable illustrations—science and art, literature and commerce, study and activity, the delight in all of them was due to a great expectation. How well I remember this illustration after now almost thirty years: "Man walks down the corridors of time, one marked science, another art and so on, as the traveler walks through some picture gallery or museum. He thinks he can see to the end, but as he proceeds, on the right and on the left, doors open into rooms that reveal new beauties and new things of interest." If life to any man is an uninteresting thing it is because he has not "watched," has not lived in the spirit of a great expectation.

Had it ended here it would have been a brilliant lecture on the Pleasures of Life. The audience would have felt the exhilaration always temporarily produced by optimism. They would have experienced, too, the inevitable reaction. But this was not a lecture. It was a sermon. And that which I have been trying to analyze was but introductory. If all these things which make up life are interesting because of the new and unexpected ways in which we are ever seeing them, what must become life's interest when we appreciate that God is revealing himself to us more and more? We all know something of God. How beautiful and ennobling that knowledge has been! Now Jesus is trying to tell us that God is coming to us all the time with richer revelations of his strength, his goodness and his love.

How interesting this revelation makes life, above all, the life of the soul! Let no man think that he has exhausted the experiences of the soul with God, or that the future is to be but a repetition of the past. Watch—live in the spirit of eager expectancy, for you know not what day or what hour the Son of Man will come.

Surely in these words he was revealing the very secret of his great childlike heart! The last sermon of which I will speak was heard in Trinity Church on a Sunday evening in Lent, when the great church was thrown open to all sorts and conditions of men. The text was, "Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water. And he said come." Then there was a significant pause. Was it to give the hearer time to think what the words meant? We soon found what they meant to him—the joy of the strenuous life.

He talked about business and its dreary routine and then of the men who had desired to do the impossible and had done it. Inventors and engineers, captains of industry, they had not been satisfied with the mere safety of the usual; they had called to fortune, "Bid me come to thee on the water, and fortune had said come." So the teacher had not rested in the habitual round of recitations, but had seen the figure of learning and wished to bring his pupils to it. How immense the difficulty! But if he would—learning said come. Now turn to the common experiences. We fall sick. Jesus whom we have known in peaceful days seems like a spirit over the waste of this dreadful experience. What were we to do? Why recognize that this is not only a great misfortune that has come; it is also a great opportunity.

This is to be the great test, if Jesus be not a "spirit," a vague, shadowy existence; we can only be convinced of it by the exercise of the splendid spirit of adventure, which calls, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come to thee on the water." In sickness, temptation, affliction, distress, I can only know him when he has bid me do the seemingly impossible, and have walked on the very elements that seemed to be an impassable barrier. There is nothing can keep us from the highest life that God has revealed if only we are willing to put God's power to the test. To him the strenuous life was a spiritual experience—an attempt to come to the ideal.

I have taken these three sermons because, as I have said, they were the first

I heard him preach and they illustrated three of his leading ideas reproduced in many of the published sermons—the dignity of man, the child of God; the interest in life as the medium of revelation; and the difficulties of life the opportunity for testing the depth and reality of faith.

But these ideas were based upon deep theological principles. Brooks's relation to theology was like the relation of an artist to anatomy. In the preraphaelite painters joints and bones are painfully indicated, though often wrong. It is only the man who knows who can disguise. Brooks was an artist, and in his portraits we face a "living, breathing, thinking man." Of the subtle disputations of metaphysics—sometimes confounded with theology, Brooks was not ignorant, but he knew that intellectual notions are but an element in theology. Nor did he confuse the divine science with a morbid psychology which wou'd identify religion with hysteria. Nor did he confound theology with ethics. "Conduct is three-fourths of life," he once quoted scornfully from Matthew Arnold. "Well, what if it is? What is the fourth fourth? An engine is three-fourths iron and steel, but does that define the engine?"

The fourth fourth is that which Jesus has revealed—that every man is by nature (not the unnatural nature, but th es real nature) partaker of the divine. It is to Jesus we owe this revelation. He could give the assurance because he was conscious that it was true of himself. We can receive the almost unbelievable revelation because the Spirit—God in communion with the individual—inspires us. These two facts of historical and personal experience lead to the communion with God as our Father.

It was the doctrine of the trinity, not as an ecclesiastical formula nor as a metaphysical speculation, but as an expression of the deepest experience of every man's soul—a gospel of salvation—that was the central thought in the theology of Phillips Brooks. As he says in one of the sermons on Trinity Sunday: "Nothing could be worse for us than to think that the truth of the trinity was one that could be separated from all others and laid aside by itself, to be specially taken up and discussed upon a given day. Why, we are preaching on the trinity always. I should count any Sunday's work unfitly done in which the trinity was not the burden of our preaching. For when we preach the Fatherhood of God we preach his divinity; when we point to Christ the perfect Saviour, it is a divine Redeemer that we declare; and when we plead with men to hear the voice and yield to the persuasions of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter into whose comfort we invite them is divine. The divinity of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, this is our gospel. By this gospel we look for salvation. It is a gospel to be used, to be believed in, and to be lived by; not merely to be kept and admired and discussed and explained. But, as a telescope which is valued for its precious uses may be sometimes taken down and its parts examined, its beautiful construction analyzed, so the truth of the trinity may sometimes be made the subject of a special lecture. Only we are always to remember that the truth is given to us, not to be lectured on, but to be lived by; as the telescope is precious because it can sweep the sky and separate the star dust into recognizable worlds, and not because its parts are beautifully adjusted and its whole construction is a miracle of mechanism. There is always a tendency to value doctrines for their symmetry and interior consistency, instead of for their uses; as if we built a new steam engine and kept it under a glass house, instead of setting it upon the road. Its efficiency upon the road is the only true test of whether it is really worthy of the homage that we would pay it in its crystal shrine. Let us remember this always as we talk and think about the doctrine of the trinity." *

* Sermons, First Series. pp. 228, 229.

Phillips Brooks as a Traveler

By the Rt. Rev. W. N. McVickar, D. D.

William Neilson McVickar, coadjutor Protestant Episcopal bishop of Rhode Island, was rector of Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, from 1875 to 1897, succeeding Phillips Brooks as rector of the church in the city where the genius of the great preacher was first revealed to men. He was an intimate friend of Phillips Brooks, traveled with him abroad and knew the man as well, probably, as any one not of his kindred.

If traveling affords a test of character, then it may be permitted one who was often privileged to be his companion to bear witness of Phillips Brooks, that he stood this test well, as he did all others, and to recall some delightful incidents to illustrate the fact.

Phillips Brooks may be said to have been, to use a strange though suggestive phrase, "a born" traveler; that is, he seemed to have been fitted by nature, as well as by grace (of culture), to put the most into and to get the most out of travel possible. No one who was with or even met him on one of his many journeys could doubt it. To a mind stored with treasures of human knowledge, a refined and cultivated taste for all that was beautiful, an imagination which reveled in what was grand and a heart full of sympathy for what was noble was added a vitality of spirit and body which never seemed to tire; and all these together made him the enthusiastic traveler he was.

The prospect of visiting new scenes or revisiting old ones not yet exhausted of their interest was in itself a delight, as were also his reminiscences of the experiences ever after. "Heooray" is the beginning of one of his letters to me in view of a trip to Europe. "Hooooray! your telegram makes my head spin with joy for thinking of those things that are coming this summer!" And its closing words are, "I conclude as I began, 'Hoooray!'" Again, some years later when a tour of Japan is in contemplation, he writes: "My dear boy, I want to go awfully, and so do you! I meant my telegram of yesterday to sound ecstatic. 'O, yes!' I said, as if nothing but interjections could express my feelings;" and further on: "We will yet sit together on the flowery slope of Fusiyama and talk pigeon-English to the Bowzes of Nikko. Hurrah! yours to the farthest limits of the Inland Sea." "Your eager fellow-traveler. P. B."

Such was the spirit, always fresh and buoyant, with which he threw himself into an outing; and that spirit never deserted him when *en route*. It made him the easiest and cheeriest of travelers. No journey was too long, no inconvenience too great for him, if only on the road to the haven where he would be; and this, although Procrustean adaptation to average accommodations in his case was no easy matter. If he did not "glory in tribulations," at least, with apostolic simplicity, he "knew how to suffer need" as well as to abound in these particulars. It was all part of the day's work. And if it became a question as between a companion and himself he always claimed the larger part of the hardship, leaving the easier share to his friend. One had to rise early and work hard to circumvent his unselfishness on such occasions—this by the way and preliminary to the positive joys which every day of travel opened up to him, in which no hour was devoid of its own delights.

It has been sometimes said that with his superabundant interest in human nature and what concerned it, Phillips Brooks lacked appreciation for nature. But surely no one who has ever heard or read his sermons, not to speak of his published letters, abounding as they do with simile and metaphor from nature's storehouse, and illustrated now and again with some wonder-picture of towering mountain or quiet vale or rushing torrent, can believe this for a moment. It was his delight in scenery that always found a place in every summer's journey for Switzerland or the Dolomites, or some other haunts of a nation's glories, as if in these at last his soul might find its truest expansion. "It is a superb day," he writes from Chamouni, "the great mountain was never clearer or more beautiful. The sky is cloudless and the snow reaches up to heaven." It is only a touch, a few words like many others in his letters or books; but it is enough to indicate his nature feeling.

It is true, however, that his supreme sympathy lay with the human in all its phases and manifestations. This was what gave the keenest zest to his journeys, turning them often into pilgrimages to the shrines of man's achievements, as when he visited the Luther land and sought out every spot he could find which had anything to do with

the great reformer, one of his heroes, with "a new big German Life of Luther in his trunk," as he describes the situation, "which he spelled out of evenings." Pretty easy spelling, I ween, for his generous scholarship. But wherever men had lived and worked and made history, in big or little, he loved to roam, whether amid the obelisks and pyramids of Egypt, the remote rock-hewn temples of India, or some quaint old city fragrant still with human associations. We can almost fancy him singing in his own sweet verse of many a spot, as Longfellow does of Nuremberg:

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng.

Memories of man, of manhood in its lowest as in its loftiest mien, of kaiser or peasant, poet, artist or artisan, who in "the long pedigree of toil" had wrought his past and left his mark on time's great temple, all touched and called out his great human heart.

I believe that this was no small element, which, added to his taste for the beautiful, gave him such enjoyment in art in these trips abroad. And how he did enjoy art! What a feast of fat things, of wine on the lees, was spread for him in the galleries where genius had gathered its masterpieces! How he reveled in the glories of Venetian art—his love for color that of a child—or the subtle beauty and strength of the Vatican and Sistine treasuries! The transcendent loveliness of the Dresden Madonna, which he thought noblest of all pictures, affected him well nigh to adoration. But in each and all it was the men behind their art striving, each in his generation, to work out their high ideals which most completely moved and held him.

But not only in the past, in the "living present" also, the everyday life of the people under all its strange and foreign guises was a constant source of interest on his trips. He loved to saunter in and out among the crowds of foreign market places in their busiest hours; or when those were past to sit among the people gathered for homely recreation in the Volks-Garten or concert hall. The railway station or even the railway carriage for the same reason was never quite devoid of attraction, for where does human nature more naturally show itself? The people were there, and he loved the people and was always at home with them, notwithstanding their unknown tongue and outlandish ways. Indeed, these but added zest to his sympathetic curiosity. They were his brothers, "strange children" of the one great Father, living out their lives in their way as he was in his, no doubt as strange a way to them.

Nor was his kindly interest in others unreturned. They soon were at home with him, sometimes showing this in curious ways. I remember his telling me how he was treated once in some little out-of-the-way town, where his size had been remarked by a crowd. An informal committee was at once sent to find, as events proved, the largest man the town could boast, and who, being produced, was hissed off the ground when found to fall short of the unknown stranger. Years after, when he and I visited Japan together, it was the same thing with that interesting and delightful little people. The same cordial understanding manifested itself, from the guide, who was, as well, counselor and friend, down to the coolies who manned our jinrikshas, or the little maidens who served us at the teahouses. His friendliness overcame their shyness and won their hearts, albeit he towered above them like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, and went by the name of "Dai-Butzu," "Great Buddha."

His love of nature, then, and his greater love for humanity and its achievements, coupled with a lofty and ripened intelligence and a marvelous quickness to catch and absorb all that was worth while in a journey, were leading characteristics of Phillips Brooks, man and traveler. I have spoken of the enthusiasm and "boyishness" which colored and enhanced every experience. Nothing escaped him, and everything, the merest commonplace incident, was put under contribution for all it was worth, and, if good for nothing more, for diversion. On a steamer which was carrying us from Genoa to Leghorn it chanced that he met one day a very effusive minister from a New England town, who after much voluble talk presented him his card with due ceremony. That card became a feature of the journey afterwards. Again and again in quiet moments it would be produced from his pocket and passed around with mock solemnity; and when the party had broken up and Phillips Brooks was in India the same card was always turning up in letters coming or going across the oceans, until travel stained and worn it unluckily dropped out of history.

That pocket, a real boy's pocket, contained other mementos than that letter. A little black bog-wood pig from Cork, an ivory button from Japan, were among its youthful treasures constantly coming to light in playful intervals, and ever witnessing to the perennial freshness of a life which was yet consecrated with all its splendid talents to the service of God and man. In the streets of Lucerne, I once said to him, after some playful remark of his, "It is strange, Brooks, to think of you as a bishop." He stopped, and turning to me replied, in charming *naiveté*, "It is so strange, Willie, that sometimes when I am putting on my clothes I have to stop and laugh." Blessed youthfulness! "the youth of the soul" which Richter tells us "is everlasting," that youthfulness which was never to be lost in Phillips Brooks, but only merged at the end of life's journey into that eternity which, according to the same author, "is youth" itself.

To have had Phillips Brooks as a companion in any journey was a high privilege. To have had him as a loving friend in that greater journey of which I have just spoken was inestimable blessing and benediction.

It is good mind-play to set out on a walk with the senses alert as to color, leaves, trees, trunks, stones and general effects. If you can draw, that is good; it trains attention immensely. If not, always take a note-book on your holidays and select bits, as small as you like, for observation and record.—*S. Weir Mitchell.*

Closet and Altar

THE NEW YEAR

For this God is our God forever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death.

Are we not daily all through life's journey trusting ourselves to bridges whose supporting piers are away down beneath the water, believing in their strength without a doubt, wondering or complaining when by chance one of them trembles or swerves a hair's breadth in the storm? We walk the bridge of life. Can we not trust its safety on the great resting places of God's wisdom that are hid from us in the depths of the two eternities?—*Phillips Brooks.*

Now God be with you through this year! And please see the blue in the sky; there is always more than we can see.—*Henry Drummond.*

O never-failing splendor!
O never-silent song!
Still keep the green earth tender,
Still keep the gray earth strong.

Still keep the brave earth dreaming
Of deeds that shall be done,
While children's lives come streaming
Like sunbeams from the sun!

O angels sweet and splendid,
Throng in our hearts and sing
The wonders which attended
The coming of the King.

Till we, too, boldly pressing
Where once the shepherds trod,
Climb Bethlehem's Hill of blessing,
And find the Son of God!

—*Phillips Brooks.*

All God's paths lead onward and lead home.—*George Adam Smith.*

The year begins and all its pages are as blank as the silent years of the life of Jesus of Nazareth. Let us begin it with high resolution; then let us take all its limitations, all its hindrances, its disappointments, its narrow and commonplace conditions, and meet them as the Master did at Nazareth, with patience, with obedience, putting ourselves in cheerful subjection, serving our apprenticeship. Who knows what opportunity may come to us this year? Let us live in a great spirit, then we shall be ready for a great occasion.—*George Hodges.*

He will not send thee into a wood to fell an oak with a penknife. When He calls thee to work thou never didst, he will give thee the strength thou never hadst.—*John Mason.*

Almighty and most merciful Father, who hast added another year to my life and yet permitted me to call upon Thee, grant that the remaining days which Thou shalt allow me may be passed in Thy fear and to Thy glory. Grant me good resolutions and steady perseverance. Relieve the diseases of my body and compose the disquiet of my mind. Let me at last repent and amend my life; and, O Lord, take not from me Thy Holy Spirit, but assist my amendment and accept my repentance, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Personal Indebtedness to Phillips Brooks

Appreciations, Incidents of Acquaintanceship and Expressions of Gratitude from Intimate Friends

The men whose testimonies are grouped on this and the following pages stood in peculiarly close relations to Dr. Brooks. Mr. Richards and Mr. Strong were seminary classmates. Mr. Franks knew him in the early years of his Philadelphia ministry. Mr. Abbot was his roommate at Harvard during Freshman year. Four men who were assistants to Dr. Brooks in the clerical office are represented: Messrs. Bradley, Kidner, Smith and Roberts, while the organists of the two churches which Dr. Brooks served longest also give voice to their appreciation of him. Mr. Bradley was the organist of the Holy Trinity Church in Philadelphia and wrote the music for the hymn, O Little Town of Bethlehem. Mr. Parker conducted the music at Trinity Church, Boston, during all the years of Dr. Brooks's rectorship. The other men who contribute to this broadside, Messrs. Huntington, Palmer and Tomkins, speak also out of years of happy comradeship with Dr. Brooks.

It is hard to estimate or analyze the personal influence of Phillips Brooks upon one who was his near friend for a third of a century. I can say that he deepened my faith in God, in the reality of prayer, in the possibilities of character. He confirmed my sense of human brotherhood and my recognition of the kingdom of God as other and larger than any ecclesiastical order. He upheld me in a widening conviction of how infinitely more the spirit is than the letter in religion. Most of all he braced and cheered me by his sublime hope for man and the world. Once, after he had preached from my pulpit one of those buoyant, sustaining, onward-looking sermons of his, in which he had seemed almost impatient of troubled and darkened souls, I said to him, "You must remember, Phillips, that not everybody is endowed with as sanguine a temperament as yours." Instantaneous and final was the reply, "And you must remember, Charles, that hope is a Christian grace as well as a natural disposition."

Let me add one thing more. Whatever were the temptations of his vast popularity, the world never got into his heart. He kept his simplicity. To the friends of his youth he was always the same. He was never too absorbed in thought or business to welcome them. He had grown beyond them, but was wholly unchanged to them. He had sat among the great of the earth, but still to the common folk, the men and women without genius, culture or distinction, he was ever at home, with his great heart wide open.

Providence, R. I. C. A. L. RICHARDS.

Phillips Brooks's life owed its influence, apart from his genius, to his sympathetic sense of our nature's needs, aspirations, risks, and to his rare gift of appeal to the best that is in us. Character brought its message to character. The two forces, insight and sympathy, inspired the noble sermons and the friendships that never were broken. His spiritual imagination went to the heart of a truth and to the consciousness of a man, illumined and quickened by self-knowledge and warmed from within. "He came where we were." Here lay his power in the pulpit, at the sick-bed, in the sorrowing homes. Few ever mastered, as he, the divine art of uplifting; and few whom I have known could take the doubts and griefs and fears in such a quick, confident way to the source of all grace and peace. In our student rooms and at the family altar his petitions were fervent and trustful, like the prayers of children.

There is an unwritten history of lives blest by the fresh assurance his experience taught him to tell, that all things are ours on our knees. The secret of the long ministry's extending influence is in the silent witness of such befriended lives as these. And this witness abides. The ministry is not ended.

Cambridge. GEO. AUG. STRONG.

Some years ago a clergyman from the suburbs was one of the special Advent preachers at St. Paul's, Boston. The service was on a week-day at noon and did not command much interest. A few busy shoppers dropped in to rest and to pray. But Phillips Brooks was always there. The few worshipers were mystified. Why was he there? And if he was attracted why were not more attracted? The question went unanswered except by the preacher himself. He knew why he was there, not always to the peace of his own mind. This was quite kind of one with never a spare moment but always a spare thought for a friend—a compliment by way of encouragement.

The day before his consecration to the episcopate he asked me if I would let him spend his first Sunday in Salem, not as bishop but as of yore. Naturally, I was very full of it, for Boston that week was all astir over the making of her bishop and wanted first sight. I never should have thought of asking the favor, and as it turned out we nearly lost it, but suffice to say we did not lose it. He came and Salem came and the country around came and the little church looked as if it had been turned inside out with the congregation on the outside.

Grace Church, Salem, Mass. JAMES P. FRANKS.

On Sept. 7, 1846, Phillips Brooks and myself were admitted to the Boston Latin School as little boys. We went to Harvard together in 1851, and were chums during our Freshman year and close friends ever afterwards. He was a good boy at school and college, but never a young saint. In those early years he was no better, apparently, than many other fellow students, and indeed not quite so exemplary as many of them. When he began to teach at the Latin School, after graduation, his future career was by no means foreshadowed. Then quickly followed in a few months his utter failure as a teacher. He could not maintain order in his schoolroom, and his forty-odd pupils, with snowballs and shot and uncontrollable disorder, forced him in disgrace to resign. Those who knew him well in those days knew that he was spiritually ground to powder.

He left Boston and began the study of the ministry quite as an experiment, but out of this moral chaos a new man was created. I have never known anybody of whom the expression, "new birth," was so truly descriptive. A man's contemporaries and equals are usually the last to recognize one of their own number to be a great man. Brooks had left Boston in 1856, crushed and disappointed, and his friends knew that he had broken down at the very start in life. When he returned a few years afterwards as rector of Trinity, many of his old classmates of other religious affiliations had known little of his growth meantime. Remembering the boy and youth, they not unnaturally questioned his ability to live down in the same place the great failure of the past. Brooks, who never had a wife or child, clung very closely to his college friends, and the new position which he took among them has always seemed to me a wonderful proof of his really spiritual quality and greatness.

In the years which followed he had no nearer, warmer or more devoted friends than those old companions of his educational period; but gradually there came into their feeling for him a new element. He had become much more than the companion of their youth, and in the later years of his life none yielded him deeper reverence or turned to him with more complete and affectionate appreciation. This change in the attitude and relation to him of mature, full grown and able men was a tribute as hearty as it was remarkable. How is this astonishing change from pity and regretful sympathy into absolute admiration and reverence and proud affection to be explained?

The only cause which could have effected this change is to be found in the development of Brooks's own character and his steadfast effort, first, to become in himself what in his great function he was urging others to be. Phillips Brooks was no longer his own man, seeking his own ends and his own career and success in life. He strove with his whole force to be really the servant of his Lord, and he stood before men, not thinking of himself, but fearless in the doing of His work. Brooks's own schoolmates and classmates perceived more clearly, perhaps, than any other persons could possibly do what a revolution had been wrought in the man. He had become so filled with light that his face shone, though he knew it not. Dr. Allen, his biographer, conversing once with me upon this topic, spoke of this change as only to be effected by "the grace of God." I think he was right.

Cambridge, Mass. EDWIN H. ABBOT.

We were in his ample and beautiful study on a Monday morning of the Monthly Club night—five of us, from city and country. Brooks was amusing us with stories and wholesome chaff. As frequently was the case, he was endlessly summoned to the reception-room to meet callers. As he moved toward the door to answer the last summons some one said, "Phillips, why don't you send out word you are busy and you can't see them?" That beautiful expression which could flash over his face came as he replied, "How should I feel if they did not care to come?"

I have often recalled my surprise, after being six months working as his assistant, when he asked me to take an old women's Bible class on a Thursday afternoon. It showed one more of his irons in the fire, which the world knew nothing about, so quietly did he do his work. I never before or since met any one in the parish who knew of his having this class.

His absence of consciousness was shown one day when the news came of an accident on the Fall River road. Word came to him that his brother was probably on the train. We went to the station to find crowds flocking for news and policemen roping them back. He gave way. I pushed ahead and told an official who he was and what he wanted and we were passed through the crowd. He turned to me and said, "Bradley, how did you manage that?" So simple was he, I could not tell him and only replied, "I looked after it."

My personal indebtedness to Phillips Brooks is still a bubbling spring of joy and refreshment. He taught me how to look at some problems and gave me courage to deal with others that might otherwise have been ghosts in my path. He is a part of my ministry and its happiness is due, under God, greatly to my intercourse with him.

Philadelphia. LEVERETT BRADLEY.

It was my good fortune to have the friendship of Phillips Brooks while I was a student in college. For various reasons, it seemed to me desirable to cut short my course. I wrote him about it, and received the following reply, dated April 24, 1875: "I am glad that you wrote so fully of your feeling with reference to preparation for the ministry. I sympathize with you, but I beg you, with the strong feeling that comes of long experience in the work, not to begrudge the time that is given to make your work, when it shall come, effective. Next to deep, spiritual earnestness, what is most needed to arm men against the foolishness that besets the ministry nowadays, is thorough and wide scholarship. Do not be in too great hurry to preach. Many a time in the future you will wish that you could shut your mouth and open your books and be a student once again. May you have every best guidance and inspiration always! Your friend, PHILLIPS BROOKS."

Another letter, written Dec. 24, 1892, less than a month before his death, will suggest better than any words of mine can tell what his friendship was to me for more than twenty years. "Alas for the old days which are the gone days! I cannot be at the Festival of St. Andrew's on the 28th. But my spirit and my blessing will be there! And with you and yours always!"

Boston. REUBEN KIDNER.

In the last four years of his ministry in Trinity Church, Phillips Brooks reached the high water mark of his preaching. The time before that was, in a sense, a preparation. Years of careful writing, when he obeyed the laws of rhetoric and polished epigrams and balanced sentences and began and ended his sermons in the proper way, made it possible for him at the end to cast them all aside and to enter into the freedom of his preaching. He became a great reservoir of spiritual experience to be drawn upon at any time. When an occasion opened the reservoir, there poured out from it a flood of fluid fire which was only stopped when the hour hand told him it was time to shut it off. It was all ready to pour out again when the next occasion came.

There was no beginning or end to it, no nice balancing, no rules any more than there is to Niagara. One flood obeyed the law of the attraction of the earth, and the other flood obeyed the law of the attraction of heaven. Those who were not present will never know it. Trying to find it in the printed sermon is like understanding Niagara from a picture.

If the preacher of today is to be in any way like him, he must do as he did. He did not say what other men had said or written until he had made it his own and could pour it out of his own experience. It might not be complete and final, but it was his own and vital, and he gave it regardless of consequences for the spiritual refreshment of mankind.

Washington, D. C. ROLAND COTTON SMITH.

In one of Phillips Brooks's note-books there is what appears to be a chronological list of his written sermons. The text of the first of these is significant: "The simplicity that is in Christ." His whole life was a working out of that text. It would be hard to find a preacher more self-forgetful and impersonal than he, and yet his words went straight to one's heart as though they were taken from the life of the man who spoke for the benefit of those who listened. No one could doubt but that his words had in them the sincerity which is born of personal experience. The words which come to mind in trying to express gratitude for what Bishop Brooks was and is to those who knew him seems at first strangely commonplace. He was sane and simple and strong and kind. The memory of him is like the memory of days lived long ago in a God-fearing childhood home, whose life-giving, life-cleansing power grows and strengthens with the passing years.

Bishop Brooks loved to quote the words of the great ode which has done so much to ennoble the tragic struggle of American national life. Some of those words might have been written of him, the young preacher, as in his earnest prayer he stood a not unworthy companion of the poet when Lowell first gave the Commemoration Ode to the world. Him, too, we know to have been

> Wise, steadfast in the strength of God and true.
> How beautiful to see,
> Once more, a shepherd of mankind indeed
> Who loved his charge yet never loved to lead;
> One whose meek flock the people joyed to be.

East Boston. W. DEWEES ROBERTS.

The life of Phillips Brooks was an inspiration to me. I feel it as strongly today as I did when I was associated with him in Christian work at Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, forty years ago. The power of Bishop Brooks's life was his burning love for Jesus Christ and the souls for whom Christ died. This love controlled his entire life—whatever he touched virtue seemed to go out of him. His life was hid with Christ in God. His loving, sympathetic, unselfish nature was a benediction to me in my early work for the Master. I hallow the memory of one who did so much to mold my life and I thank God that it was my privilege to labor with him in so many channels of Christian work.

Philadelphia. LEWIS H. REDNER.

As organist of Trinity Church during the twenty-two years when Bishop Brooks was its rector, I enjoyed with him many hours of friendly and pleasant intercourse. Musically we could not come very close together; but I was always very deeply impressed with the sweetness and humility with which he approached a subject in which he felt himself to be wholly uninitiated. His ideas in regard to church music were of the very simplest kind. To him the climax was reached when an old familiar hymn was given out to the congregation and there followed a universal burst of song from the voices of people who had just been listening to, and were probably inspired by, the eloquent and appealing words that fell from his lips. To anything artistically beyond this he was seemingly indifferent. Yet his humble manner made the task easy for one who was constantly aiming for higher effects than he was willing to encourage. As he once expressed it to me, "The claims of art must yield to the claims of religion."

Boston. J. C. D. PARKER.

Two characteristics of Phillips Brooks were, it has seemed to me, not commonly appreciated—his indignation and his humor. What appeared in every utterance of his as moral earnestness, and rose often in public to intensity, rose also at times to lofty indignation. I have seen him pace up and down his study, with his deep eyes flashing, pouring out fiery words against some man whose influence he believed to be corrupting to the young. He would turn upon his dearest friends when their antagonism to his dearer beliefs seemed to imply a moral issue: "It isn't so. I know about this matter and you don't." Again, it was surprising that one who was so uniformly serious in public should be so bubbling over with humor in private. He never was funny in an after-dinner speech, except once, so I have heard, at a Yale dinner. But among his friends he was continually playing delicately with the situation, delighting in that region where there is hardly a dividing line between the serious and the humorous, where the two sides pass by subtlest shadings into each other. His witticisms were many, but his humor was pervasive.

A charming weakness was, I venture to say, unsuspected. He was once saying to me something of "that dreadful moment at a dinner when you see your time to speak is coming and your knees shake under you." I said, "Why, you never felt that, did you?" "Certainly," said he, "what do you take me for? I always have it every time I speak." To some of us such a touch of community of nature was the endearing complement of the inspired utterances which poured from him as from a Hebrew prophet.

Andover, Mass. FREDERIC PALMER.

The influence of Phillips Brooks was purely spiritual. There was, of course, much in his personality to charm and invigorate. His great manhood, his clear, open face and his simple manner drew men to him by force. But it was when he spoke on some difficulty in the life of the man who approached him that his masterly grasp of truth became evident and his hold upon God was manifested. I remember once writing him a letter, when I was a missionary in the far West, about some question that perplexed me, and his answer, so frank, so kind, so clear, was like a voice from the other world. It was in these personal interviews that he excelled. His sermons, his life, his work, were great. But they were and are especially great to those who had been privileged to talk with him about some question of belief or duty. How vividly one recalls his response on such occasions! He could endure no unreality. He seemed to know instinctively when any one came to talk for the sake of talking, and his rebuke was manifest. But when a heart hungry for truth and a knowledge of right approached him he was ready, and as he spoke the questioner felt as if the preacher forgot everything else in his honest desire to give help.

We used to feel this especially in the talks he gave a few of us at Harvard during Lent. He simply threw himself into our lives and met our troubles and outlined our opportunities as if God told him what to say. This influence was the result of his absolute sincerity, of his love for young men and his great, absorbing love for God. I have seen him at a Brotherhood of St. Andrew Convention sitting in a side room and meeting man after man, as each came to him, with a fine honesty of desire that made each feel that his case and his need were all that Phillips Brooks had to think about. He loved to help men to righteousness and to God. The secret of his life was an intense devotion to God and man.

Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia. FLOYD W. TOMKINS.

Since Tennyson and Phillips Brooks went out of it, the world has never seemed to some of us quite the same world it used to be. Each man, save for the other, was the most noteworthy idealist of his time. Both were poets, and both were preachers; each of them, that is to say, was indebted to the imaginative faculty for his greatness, and each used the faculty for the furtherance of ethical and spiritual ends. Brooks's optimism, to be sure, held out better than Tennyson's did, but then, it is to be remembered that he died a much younger man, and so escaped the temptation to despair of the world which comes with the weight of years. The illusions of youth are probably more trustworthy than the disillusionment of old age.

Brooks's power as a preacher of religion lay, I cannot but think, in his grand assertiveness. It was an assertiveness not of the sort that irritates, but of the sort that wins. He saw things which others could not see and simply reported what he saw. He made despicable the littleness of controversial divinity, not by attacking them in detail, but by flooding them in the mass. The small rills of opposition were hushed as the Wye is hushed

When twice a day the Severn fills.

He was a prophet, and in these days of much mechanism and little joy we miss him.

Grace Church, New York. W. R. HUNTINGTON.

Across the Canadian Border

AFTERMATH OF PROHIBITION VOTE

The prohibition vote in Ontario is much more satisfactory than at first reported, the majority now being over 80,000. Though the total is still insufficient, it is felt that so emphatic a declaration cannot be ignored. This Premier Ross admits in a general manifesto to the electors, and if his present slender majority is increased or even retained at the by-elections, now pending, further legislation may be expected from his administration. A third party is also proposed, but as experiences along this line have been disappointing, it is likely that strong efforts will be made to secure candidates definitely pledged to prohibition.

PRISON REFORM

This phase of reform is especially prominent in Ontario. At the annual meeting of the Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada in Hamilton, it was decided to ask the Dominion government for a reformatory for first offenders, and for the parole, the cumulative and probation systems. The Ontario government will be asked, among other things, to provide for treating inebriates and to place reformatories for boys on a better basis.

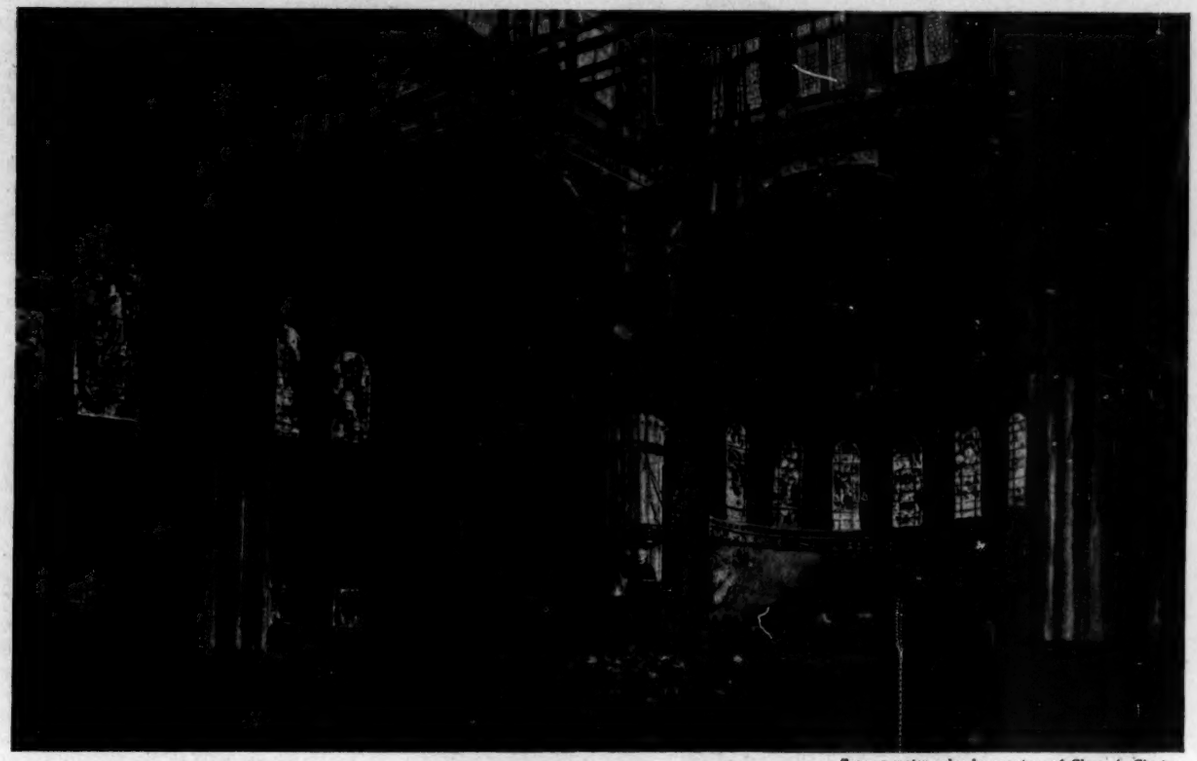
WESTERN DEVELOPMENT

Transportation facilities for wheat and other products of the great and growing West are most inadequate and a serious blockade prevails. Relief is promised through a proposed transcontinental line by the Grand Trunk Railway, which will be a large factor in Western development. So great an undertaking will require some years for completion.

NOTABLE LOSSES

Two great educational institutions, Queen's University, Kingston, and the Presbyterian College, Montreal, have lately been bereft of their principals. Dr. Grant, of the former, was easily one of Canada's foremost educators, whose voice and pen were factors in all leading current problems. Dr. MacVicar, of the latter institution, revealed a rigid Calvinism unknown to Dr. Grant, yet did a great work through Presbyterianism and other agencies.

J. P. G.



INTERIOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON

From a water color by courtesy of Chas. A. Chester

Phillips Brooks as a Man of the Spirit

By Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D.

George A. Gordon, D. D., pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, when a student at Harvard was profoundly influenced by Phillips Brooks's preaching, and when later he came to Boston to be a neighbor and fellow laborer in the vineyard, the ties of friendship between the two men were closely knit. His estimate of the life work of Phillips Brooks is that of a candid critic, having a deep sense of responsibility to view his subject in an objective light, and as he thinks history will appraise him.

It is the privilege of the living to strive, as occasion may offer, to preserve and perpetuate the image of the great and good whom they have known, that as little as possible may be lost of the precious treasure of mankind. Fewer lives would fade from their rightful place in human memory if the living were duly mindful of their obligation to the dead and to the advancing generation. The image of Jesus is kept in the world by the inspired devotion of his disciples. And among the disciples of Jesus whom the living have known no one is worthier of lasting and grateful remembrance than Phillips Brooks. Indeed, to those who knew him "his remembrance is like music."

Ten years have come and gone since the great figure of Phillips Brooks disappeared from mortal vision. It seems strange that in the city where it would appear that every one knew him, that in the country where his fame extends from sea to sea, a generation should have arisen to whom it is necessary to describe Phillips Brooks. And that no man can adequately do. We can recall the majestic figure, the noble head, the great and beautiful eyes that were "homes of silent prayer," the face that had more kindness in it than any other face in the land, and the high spirit forever animating and refining the colossal form and that, whether in the careless freedom of the street, or in the new interests of travel, or in the play of conversation in his own home, or in the torrent of his glorious utterance in the pulpit, forever spoke of God. We can recall all this, but we cannot reproduce the tender strength, the prevailing sympathy, the rich beauty and the ineffable charm of this wonderful man.

Dr. Thompson, a former and famous master of Trinity College, Cambridge, Eng., said of Maurice after hearing him preach a university sermon, "There is about that man θεῖον τι πάθος"—a kind of divine feeling or possession. In my judgment this is the secret of Phillips Brooks. As I look at him in the juster perspective of the years, more and more this divine feeling, this supernatural grace, seems to me to be his great distinction. Other men were profounder thinkers than he and far more thorough in their intellectual world. Other men had a more extended and more varied consciousness of the great historic minds of the race. His work as a teacher is excelled on the human side by Channing, on the divine side by Beecher, on all sides by Bushnell, and no competent student would rank him with Maurice or with Martineau as a theologian. Yet in his own distinction he is above them all. Maurice had the divine feeling, but that feeling was not held in him, as it was in Brooks, in a human endowment of superabundant and surpassing richness. In the character of the spiritual man there is no one like him, there is no one near him.

This secret of the spirit is at the heart of his churchmanship. He sees the poor, exclusive sectarian, and he is "like a jealous farmer who prays for rain to water his field, that it may be richer than his neighbor's; but the heaven is too broad for him, and will not limit its bounty by the intention of his prayer. It will rain, but it cannot rain between the fences; and so his selfish prayer brings refreshment for the alien acres for which he does not pray." How that sentence reminds one of the patient insight into the sincere and narrow soul of the sectarian and of the inclusive spirit of this congregational Episcopalian! The same quality appears in his humor. He says: "I once saw in a shop window in London a placard which simply announced 'Limp Prayers.' It described, I believe, a kind of prayer-book in a certain sort of binding which was for sale within; but it brought to mind many a prayer to which one had listened, in which he could not join, out of which had been left the whole backbone of thought, and to which he could attach none of his own heart's desires." And in connection with this statement he remarks that prayer "may be too light as well as too heavy to ascend."

The same high spiritual power declared itself in his relations to his brethren in the ministry. He felt that he was helping his brethren most when he was striving with all his might to do and to be his

very best. "So often we are only trying to be mutually harmless. We are like steamers lying in the fog and whistling, that we may not run into others, nor they into us. It is safe, but commerce makes no great progress thereby, and it shows no great skill in navigation." And in the fundamental mood of his ministry this quality of the spirit appears in what he calls "the world-consciousness" and "the time-consciousness," the utterance of an eternal gospel through all the fugitive forms and incidents of man's great and pathetic life.

TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON
Of which Dr. Brooks was rector twenty-two years

If further illustration were needed, it could be found in the last of his "Lectures on Preaching," where the sovereign motive of his whole service to man is laid bare. That motive which carried in it "the power of the battle" was "the realized value of the human soul." Along these and kindred lines there might be presented a rich array of evidence in proof of the statement that Phillips Brooks was the great spiritual humanist of his century.

Edmund Burke said of Charles James Fox, "That man was made to be loved." This remark is of far nobler and intenser application to Phillips Brooks. He was made to be loved. Indeed, it may be said that he did his best work while among us through the exalted and wonderful love that he unconsciously and inevitably drew toward himself. He was followed by a tide of good will and joy. His name was a household word and his doings were an inexhaustible theme. To this pure and beautiful homage there was no end. It had its spring in feeling, and the understanding did not dare or care to question its right to flow. No one ever received less of that critical intellectual treatment which is generally given to great men. People did not care to measure him, to set him in due perspective with other great men, to understand or define his power. They loved him with a pure and inspired love; they remember him, and they will remember him, as one made to be loved, as a man altogether worthy of the surpassing love that he received.

Here surely was a vast opportunity for the preacher of righteousness, and it must be added that no man ever used an opportunity with higher seriousness or nobler power. Back into the hearts of the people he poured through their homage a tide of holy manhood. By the love which they had for him Phillips Brooks led men to God. He loved men too sacredly to lead them elsewhere. He trembled beneath the burden of human confidence and homage; he would not allow those who came to him to rest until they rested in God. And so it was that it made people nobler to love Phillips Brooks. It was like undergoing a new and a deep religious experience. He lifted men by their love for him into a share in the ideal existence which he confessed as his own, and which he pursued with a ceaseless rush and a terrible and yet a happy intensity. And when I try to discover that in him which made men love him, magnify everything that he did, exaggerate even his great gifts, ascribe to him a range of genius that he did not possess, I find it in the fascination of his glorious humanity.

His mind took character and power from his spirit. The note of his intellect was beauty; its depth, its proportion, were the depth and proportion that go with beauty. His visions of truth were not larger or profounder than those of other great preachers. His intellectual world was not thoroughly ordered, nor were his great beliefs set in the clearness and strength of reason. The heavens were clear at one point, the point of immediate interest, the direction in which he was moving, and then it was as if he were leading the world into an everlasting sunrise. The stamp of beauty is upon all his characteristic work. It was as a great artist that Brooks conceived of God, of Jesus Christ—the Eternal Word made flesh, of the kingdom of God, and of human life. The beauty of holiness, the glory of an existence perfect in idea and in utterance was the passion of his soul and the governing ideal of his ministry.

And in the sphere of his character this grace was supreme. Nothing more beautiful than the soul of Phillips Brooks was ever beheld in this land. The nearer one came to him the more stainless and just he seemed to be. There was a hallowing presence within his life, and therefore a hallowing power fell from him upon his friends and upon the multitudes who flocked to hear him speak. There were joined in him an agitation and a peace that were born of God—a deep and thankful peace in the possession of God, an eager, anxious, incessant agitation for more of God. The shout of victory and the cry of bereavement blended in the incomparable pathos of his speech.

Here was the hiding of his power. He had what we did not have, and yet he needed what we needed. Fine, high, strong, richly human, infinitely tender was the soul of Phillips Brooks. Men could no more help loving and praising him than they can help loving and praising surpassing beauty anywhere. And here, in the form and in the spirit, in the outward service and in the hidden life of the heart, was the beauty of the Lord our God, the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is this image of a great and beautiful spirit that we who knew Phillips Brooks would fain continue in the happy memory of our people.

THE RECTORY OF TRINITY CHURCH
Where Dr. Brooks lived the last twelve years of his life

In Utter Dark

In utter dark, in bitter pain,
I reached a vague hand out for strength.
It pressed a hand that pressed again,
And all my tumult calmed at length.

The darkness brightened slow around;
I looked to see what friendly hand
My need had grasped, and lo, I found
My foe of foes in all the land.

One angry look of strange surprise,
Then, "Take we what the Master sends;"
He holds me to his heart and cries,
"Brother, the Lord hath made us friends."

—*Phillips Brooks.*

We must answer for our actions; God will answer for our powers.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Phillips Brooks's Valuation of Family Ties

By Rev. John Cotton Brooks

Rev. J. C. Brooks is the youngest of the six sons born to William G. and Mary Brooks, and, being considerably younger than his distinguished brother, felt the touch of his life in many helpful ways. Mr. Brooks is now rector of Christ Church in Springfield, Mass., and has already achieved a reputation and done a work in the ministry worthy of the name he bears. His home, like that of his brother Arthur, the lamented rector of the Church of the Incarnation in New York, was one to which Dr. Brooks often betook himself for solace and reinvigoration.

The whole life of Phillips Brooks, as one of his brothers looks back upon it, is but a continual expression of his intense and supreme valuation of family ties, and in the brief space allotted me for this immense subject, I can attempt to show but a fragment merely of what his love of family was. A flood of reminiscence rushes upon one as he stops to think; but indulgence in this must be foregone, in order to record what he himself was perpetually telling one or another of us, parents or brothers, with wonderful power and fullness of feeling.

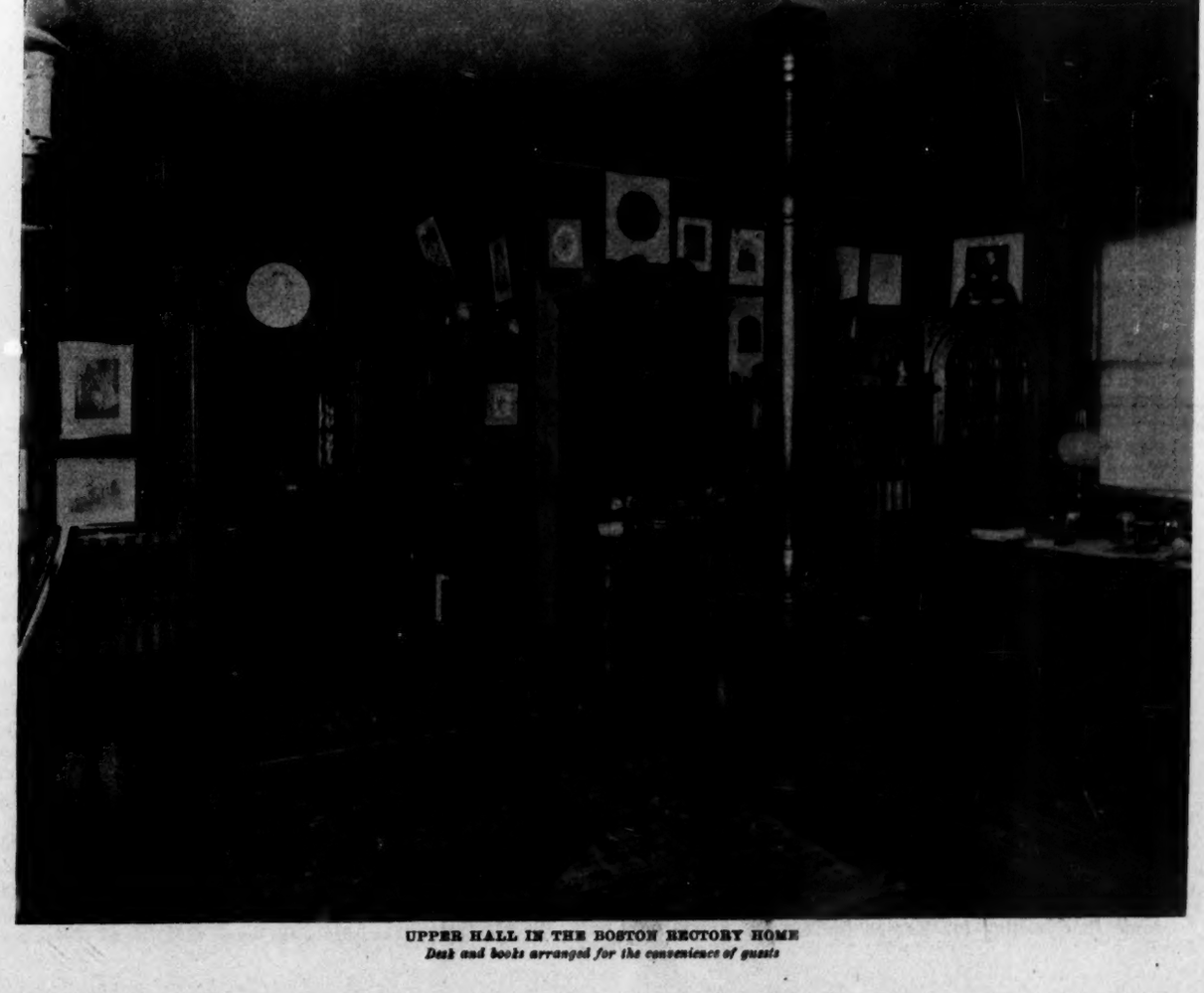
Of his mother he wrote in his grief for her death: "My mother has been the center of all the happiness of my life. I did not know I could ever be so much like a child again; but tonight the world seems desolate and lonely. All my life I have feared and dreaded what has come this week. The happiest part of my happy life has been my mother." At that moment he reached out instinctively to reassure himself of the strength of the family tie, to feel that it was not broken. He wrote to his brother Arthur: "And so the new chapter of life has begun, and the Brooks boys have got to stand together as long as they are left. Well, we have done it pretty well so far and I guess we shall do it to the end."

Here too is the testimony that he bore to the impress which the life of his father had made upon his own life. "No father ever was to his boys what ours has been to us. He was so bright and happy and simple and strong through all the long years while our lives revolved around his. There is nothing that is not good to remember. His was as healthy and true a life as ever was seen, and now I miss him as I never dreamed that I could miss anybody, and it will be so to the end, I know."

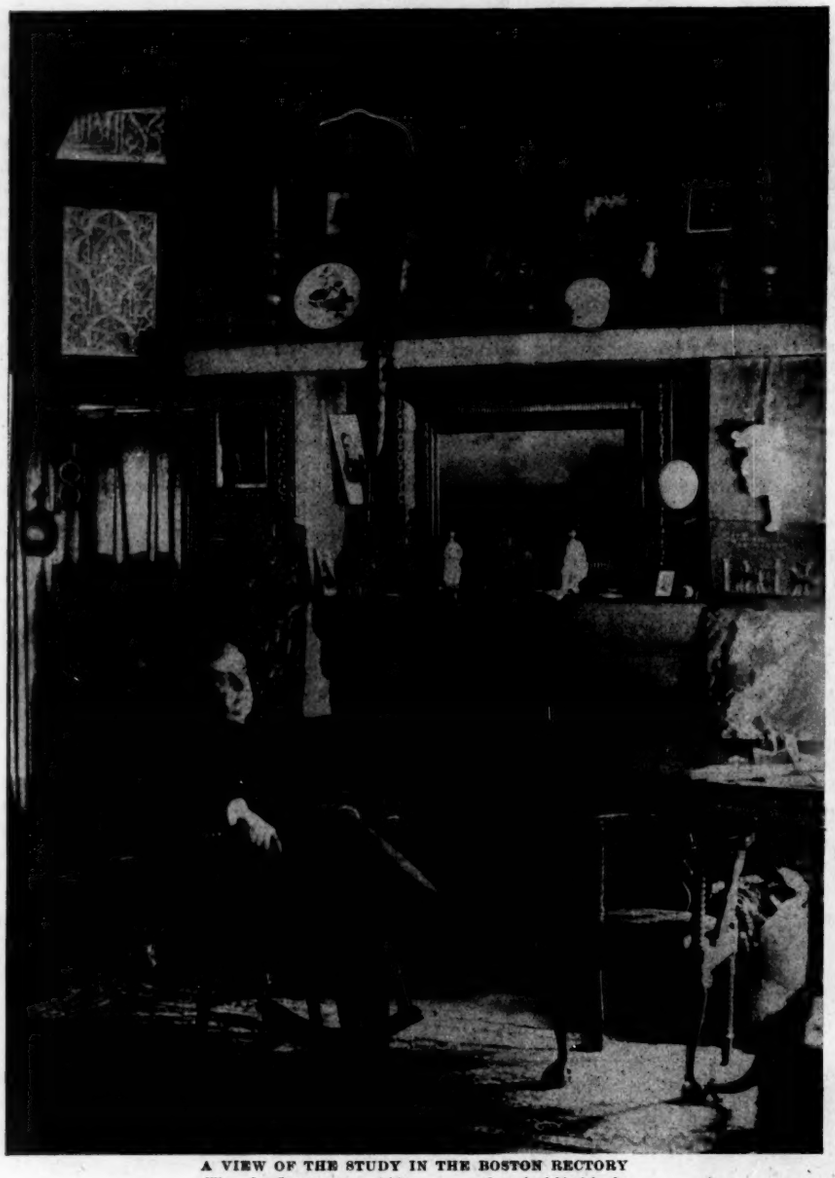
The recollections of his earliest years were always very precious to him, and he loved to share them with his older brother William. He wrote to him from distant Spain, where he had heard of the death of his faithful aunt who shared with our mother the care of us all from the beginning of the family: "It seems as if this great change swept away from the world the last remnants of the background of our earliest life. Even after father and mother went, as long as Aunt Susan lived there was somebody who had to do with us when we were babies. Now this generation has all passed away. How many old scenes it brings up!"

He was fond of noting the milestones of life with his brother and counting over with him the happy years. "I am twenty-nine years old tomorrow. Just think of it! How we are getting along! Well, there are very few fellows who get to be as old as we are and have such a good time generally all the way along. We had a nice time before we went to school, a nice time at school, and a nice time since we left." His nature was a beautiful one in its simplicity of enjoyment, in loving and being loved alike.

This is my chief memory of him from my earliest years, and I always felt the family tie holding us fast together as I grew up, in spite of difference of age. His love for me reaches back even before my remembrance. My mother used to



UPPER HALL IN THE BOSTON RECTORY HOME
Desk and books arranged for the convenience of guests

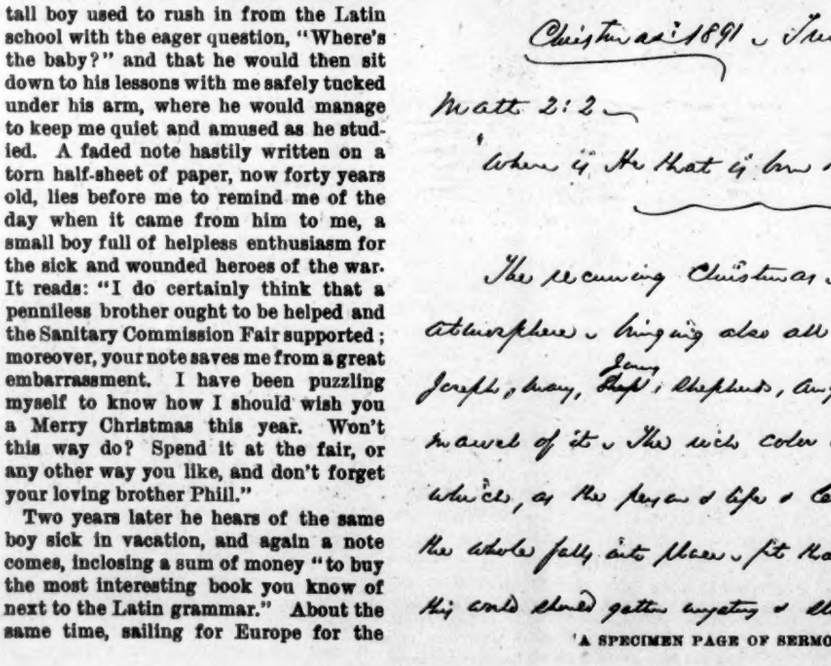


A VIEW OF THE STUDY IN THE BOSTON RECTORY
Where Dr. Brooks prepared his sermons and received his friends

tell me that when I was an infant the tall boy used to rush in from the Latin school with the eager question, "Where's the baby?" and that he would then sit down to his lessons with me safely tucked under his arm, where he would manage to keep me quiet and amused as he studied. A faded note hastily written on a torn half-sheet of paper, now forty years old, lies before me to remind me of the day when it came from him to me, a small boy full of helpless enthusiasm for the sick and wounded heroes of the war. It reads: "I do certainly think that a penniless brother ought to be helped and the Sanitary Commission Fair supported; moreover, your note saves me from a great embarrassment. I have been puzzling myself to know how I should wish you a Merry Christmas this year. Won't this way do? Spend it at the fair, or any other way you like, and don't forget your loving brother Phill."

Two years later he hears of the same boy sick in vacation, and again a note comes, inclosing a sum of money "to buy the most interesting book you know of next to the Latin grammar." About the same time, sailing for Europe for the first time, he takes the trouble to promise: "I will look out for postage stamps, and you shall have all that I collect. I will find all the relics that it is possible to get hold of, and they shall be yours." To the Freshman in Harvard he sends, at his request, half a dozen subjects for an English essay—extracts from Wendell Phillips's speeches for declamation, and carefully chosen classical quotations for signatures for papers. All this while he is the busy rector of Holy Trinity, Philadelphia. But his warm and eager sympathy reaches deeper still as the young man comes to confirmation, and words like these: "And now, dear Johnnie, with a heart full of sympathy with you, God bless you!" and "Be brave and faithful; I promise you my prayers," are at the close of letters, every word of which is strong and precious.

And so it has been all through life. One day the gay note of glad-hearted life, anxious to share its joy with you; the next the burdened letter of affection, longing to have you share your sorrow with him. Now comes a ready assent to drop all his work and come and preach for you; or a pressing call to come abroad with him, or join him at congress or convention as his guest. And next such a delightful word as this: "Only a word to say welcome to the new baby, and to trust that she may be no end of blessing and happiness to her mamma and papa and uncle. I expect my old age to be watched and tended by affectionate nieces. Tell this new young lady there shall be a room for her in the house in Clarendon Street, and if ever she quarrels with her bread and butter at home, I shall give her cake at the rectory."



Christmas 1891 ~ Trinity, Boston ~

Matt 2:2 ~

"Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

The returning Christmas ~ bringing again its atmosphere ~ bringing also all the wonderful story ~ Joseph, Mary, Baby, Shepherds, Angels, Magi ~ The simple marvel of it ~ The rich color & form ~ The story in words, as the poem & life & Advent gems come to us, the whole fully into place ~ Yet that cannot let the Christmas into this world shall ever gather mystery & strangeness. Is it yet?

A SPECIMEN PAGE OF SERMON MANUSCRIPT

The remembrance of a visit is thus recorded: "You cannot know what a good time I had with you this week, or how pleasant it is to think it over now. Even now I seem to see the two gray kittens rolling on the piazza, and hear the children playing croquet on the lawn." Here is a reminder of college days again, when I was with him in Boston: "Dear Johnnie, how many Christmas Eves we have spent together. Do you remember how we used to go out to St. Mark's and then come back and wander through toy shops, and you would go home and find father nailing up Christmas wreaths? Well, that's all over, and here I am all alone, with the Christmas festival safely over and the Christmas sermon done. Give Hattie my very best love, and for you, dear Johnnie, you know how truly I am your affectionate old brother, P."

he writes, "the total family. The times get rarer."

Of Arthur he writes to Dr. Richards, "Arthur, one of those boys who must all be a hazy lump to you, is just graduating, and I am proud of him because he is third scholar in a class of some hundred, and so I went on to his Class Day." He had great sympathy with his brother Frederick's restlessness in college during the years of the war. "I am sorry to hear you write so blue," he says, "about your Senior year and the country and the war, and everything in general." He greatly enjoyed his companionship while he was at the seminary in Philadelphia and took great interest in his work in the Sanitary Commission. His death by drowning was a terrible shock to him, when the news of it was brought to him, as he sailed up Boston harbor with his

didn't look much like it when we used to be growing up so quietly in Chauncy Street. If your experience is like mine, you will find yourself wondering about your own identity sometimes. The best way when you get into such a condition is to go to work and reassure yourself by writing a long letter to some member of the family (me, for instance) and so get yourself back where you ought to be as one of the Brooks boys."

Have we not here in one sentence his true valuation of family ties? And now at the close of our study of his words we find the power of those ties over him such that they bind him fast to the life above, as before they have attached him to everything in the life here. Let these words to his mother be his last for us: "My thoughts of George will always be different now. I shall always think of George

DR. BROOKS'S ROOM IN THE BOSTON RECTORY

Finally here is the dear, full heart speaking its message of comfort after the burial of his little godchild, Marianne Phillips: "I have been thinking of you all the time. I am so glad that I was with you those two days and that I had part in choosing the pleasant spot where the body of your little baby and my godchild was to be laid. I shall always be thankful for it. How beautiful it must be out there this bright winter morning!" He had always a great longing for family meetings and was delighted with what he calls "the great event of the last week—the meeting of the waters—when two Brooks boys, Arthur and I, came together in ancient Cologne."

He was greatly pleased also at his semicentennial dinner, as he called it, at his brother William's house, where the four surviving brothers, with their wives and children, gave him a surprise. "It was so good to be all together once again,"

brother Arthur from Europe. "Fred was very near to me," he wrote; "it is the terribleness of it all, and the way we shall miss him and need him all our lives, and the wretchedness at home where father and mother are as brave and forlorn as possible. There were so few who knew him well enough to really love him and feel as I feel about the beauty of his simple working and thinking life."

There only remains opportunity to tell of his deep admiration and love for his brother George, the next youngest to himself. He says of him to Frederick, at the time of George's enlistment in the army: "I feel just as you do about George. I feel the same respect for the character he is showing, the same joy in this last crowning step which he has taken (in his confirmation). May God bless and keep him and bring him safe back to us again!" And then he writes to George himself: "So you are off! It

as there among you. I want to think of him as being about the old house, and always one of your group, making it happier and holier by his memory and influence, just as he made it beautiful when he was in the body; and I want to feel him here too, helping me and making me fitter for every duty with his own courage and cheerfulness and blessed faith. I find work enough waiting for me, and shall go about it happily; but always looking toward the time when it will all be done, and we shall be with Christ and him. God bless you all. Such a perfect trust as his I know is in the power of any one of us to reach, as he reached it; yet I do not dare to expect it ever perfectly for myself, but am determined to live and pray and struggle for it, and shall rejoice if I can have a seat at last somewhere in sight of the perfect happiness and glory which he is in today and will be in forever."

Imitable Traits in the Character of Phillips Brooks

BY REV. FREDERICK B. ALLEN

Rev. F. B. Allen was assistant minister at Trinity Church during nine of the busiest and most fruitful years of Phillips Brooks's rectorship, and had thus an abundant opportunity to know his chief in the everyday of life. In 1888, Mr. Allen became general superintendent of Episcopal City Missions, Boston, and in that position, which he now holds, he continued to be in frequent and close relationship with Dr. Brooks.

It was my great privilege to be intimately associated with Phillips Brooks for nine years as assistant minister of Trinity Church. He was an exception to the general rule that no man seems great to those nearest him. Those who knew him best had the profoundest sense of his lofty mental and moral stature.

Yet it is well sometimes to remember that it was not merely by his superb gifts of eloquence and spiritual insight that he surpassed others. One loves to recall not merely the unique genius with which he was endowed, but the exceptional fidelity with which he used his gifts and those traits in which he may be an inspiration and example to us.

Of these imitable traits I would mention first his fidelity to duty. He might have seemed exempt from the necessity of laborious effort. His natural facility of utterance made it a delight rather than a task to speak. The ease with which he absorbed ideas and the readiness with which they marshaled themselves in his mind in original combinations made it possible for him to win victory without the toilsome effort required of others. Everything in his endowment was a temptation to a career of idle indulgence.

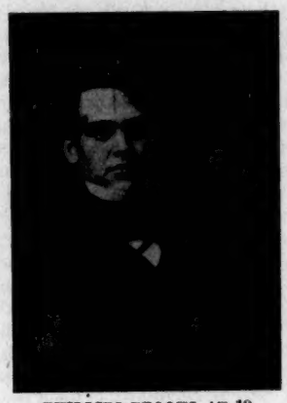
Yet his exceptional equipment became only the vantage ground for larger and more multiplied tasks. No man ever worked more incessantly and unstintingly than he. A noble scorn of laziness made him put his whole soul into the perfect performance of the slightest task.

This is casually illustrated in the multitude of letters which he wrote with his own hand to friends and strangers, to celebrities and to little children, to givers and to beggars. When he had a great pile of correspondence to vanquish, he would put his watch before him and attack his task with the nervous eagerness of a thoroughbred. His watch was his spur. "I can write a very good letter in three minutes," he once laughingly said to me. That letter, however, would betray no token of haste or carelessness. He would not slight a correspondent. To the mere answer to a business inquiry he almost always added some word of courteous or friendly greeting which made the letter a contact of soul with soul. He often declared that he had never written a postal card in his life. It seemed to him an evasion of duty and of reserve.

Yet all this toil was carried not only cheerfully but with an exhilaration of spirit which made it a joy. He loved his work. "The privilege of duty" was a phrase often on his lips, and those who saw him most intimately knew best his unwearying industry. I remember ask-

THE PHILLIPS HOMESTEAD IN NORTH ANDOVER
Where Dr. Brooks spent many of his summers

THE STUDY IN THE NORTH ANDOVER HOME
The paintings on the wall are those of ancestors, one of whom was a founder of Phillips Academy



PHILLIPS BROOKS AT 19

ing him, as he settled down to work on Monday morning after a Sunday on which he had preached three times, "Don't you ever feel tired?" He smiled quizzically and replied, "I sometimes feel a little lazy."

Another imitable trait was his truthfulness. He was impatient with vague and indefinite statements. When some matter was put to him in this inadequate way there would flash out a question which pierced through the veil of words down to the heart of the truth he sought. In one of his Lenten lectures he took the position that a lie was never, under any circumstances, justifiable. Quite a cloud of argument arose afterward upon the question, and many imaginary cases were proposed to him where, to save life or some transcendent interest, an untruth was defended as the lesser evil. He maintained his position with downright sturdiness, and one always felt, in dealing with him, his unswerving loyalty to the fact, his reverence for things as they really are, as distinct from fair sounding assumptions.

It was doubtless true that in those exigencies in which one is tempted to evade truth his exquisite tact and discrimination enabled him to say things which a clumsier mind could not have stated without giving offense. This very discrimination, however, was due to his truthfulness. His veracity was more than mere accuracy of speech. It was mental honesty—impatience with anything less than the fullest knowledge of things as they really are.

In one of his letters to me from abroad he speaks of "the mischief which must come from the obstinate dishonesty of men who refuse to recognize any of the new light which has been thrown upon the Bible, and go on repeating assertions about it which, if there is such a thing as proof, have been thoroughly and repeatedly disproved. These are the men on whom the church in future must look back upon with reproach, and almost with contempt."

Another characteristic of Phillips Brooks was the respect he felt for all men, high or low, rich or poor. That all men were the children of God was something more than an abstract proposition. It was a working principle which affected all his social relations. It shone especially in his dealings with young men. How generously he idealized them! He had a dauntless faith in their noble possibilities. He sometimes confessed that the boys he loved did not wholly fulfill his anticipations. Yet with what courtesy he greeted every new applicant for counsel and lavished his resources upon the humblest who sought him!

One thing he never would do. He could not consent to be that which many ministers crave above all else to be—the spiritual director of another man's inner life. He would not be arbiter of questions of conscience. How often were there brought to him problems where one word from him would have been final and accepted with docile obedience. He would not say that word. He would reply: "That you must settle with God. Take it to him. Seek his light and guidance."

This reluctance to dictate in others' difficulties grew out of his confidence in every soul's spiritual capacity. Because all could come into personal relations with God and be taught and led by him, he would not interfere to preclude that inner struggle in which the soul comes face to face with the Lord and yields itself to the Spirit.

His respect for the individuality of others made him a delightful man with whom to work. He hesitated to give explicit directions, even to his assistant, how problems should be solved. He might suggest some general principle and then add: "I would far rather you should work that out in your own way. We need variety in the Episcopal Church, and if you will do as you think wise that will please me best."

Phillips Brooks has often been called an emotional preacher, sometimes with a suggestion of disparagement. It is certainly true that he stirred deep tides of feeling in his hearers as no other preacher of our generation has ever done. He did it, however, in a manly way. He pressed home the great truth which he deeply felt and wanted others to feel and he did it as an incentive to duty. In all the torrent of impetuous feeling you were always sure of the loyalty to truth and to right which held the floods of emotion within firm walls of self-control.

He was absolutely fearless. He had enough of the soldier's instinct to delight in a fight against meanness or injustice. He once spoke to me of the satisfaction it was to a manly nature not to drift with the tide of popular sentiment but to resist it, conscious that you were battling for some principle. With the example of that brave, intelligent, strong nature before us, no one of us can ever feel that the religion of Jesus Christ is a timid or unmanly thing.

The absolute conviction with which he rested upon the great primary truths

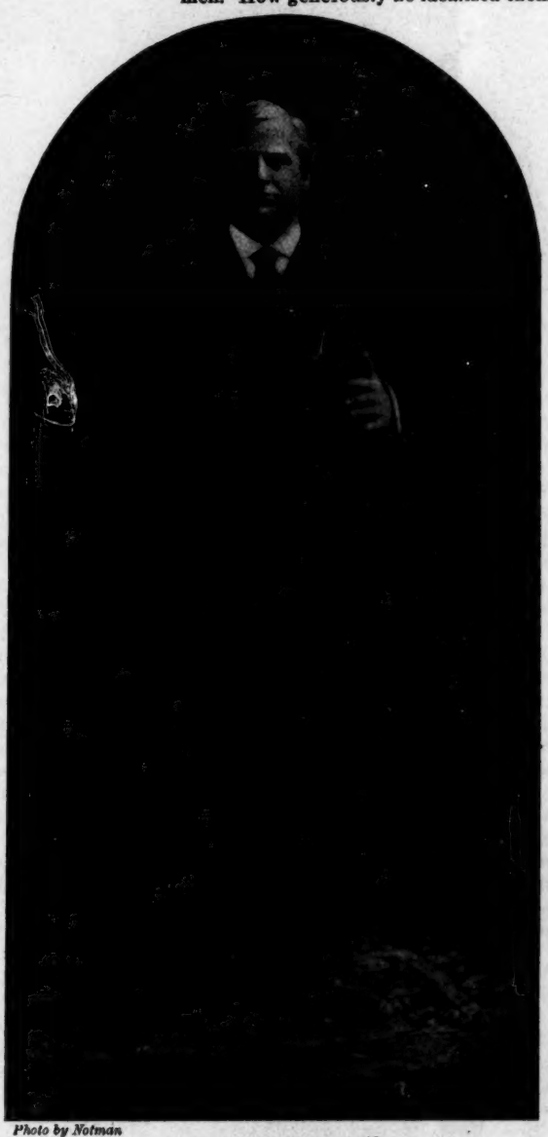
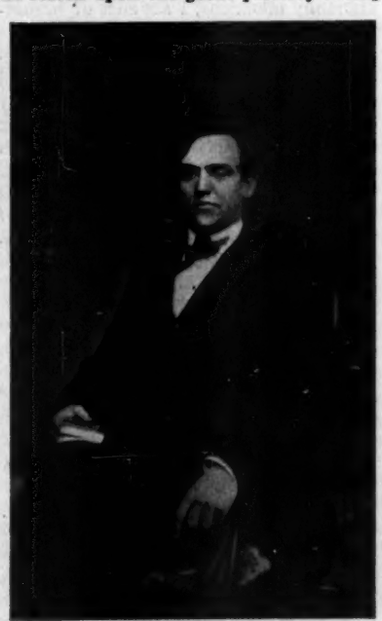


Photo by Notman

PHILLIPS BROOKS AT 46

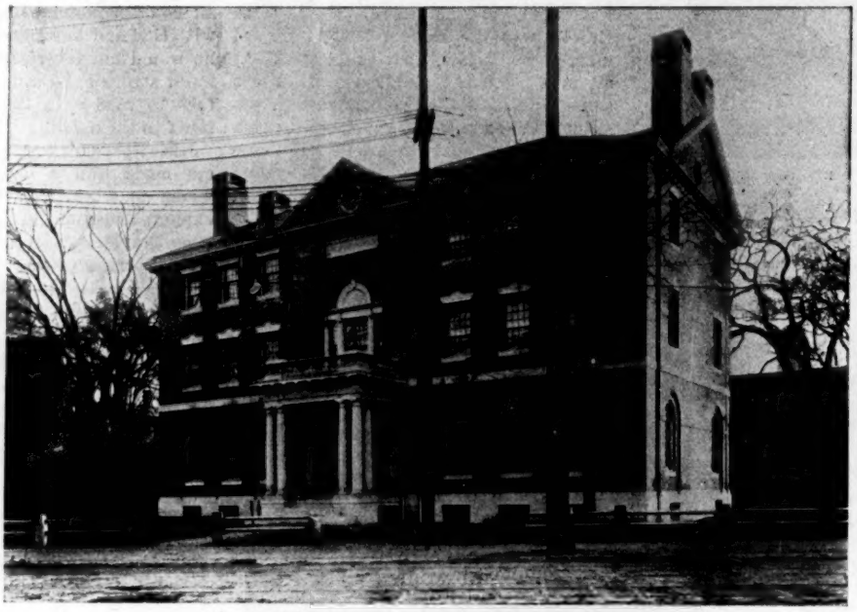


PHILLIPS BROOKS AT 28

of Christianity is also to be noted. Nothing is more characteristic of intellectual timidity than the craving for some visible sign or tangible authority. It always seeks some infallible book, an infallible church, some infallible pope or infallible majority—anything but the self-evidencing witness of God's Spirit speaking to the heart. Nothing was nobler in the attitude of Phillips Brooks than his profound, intense conviction of the truth of the gospel from its own very nature and quality.

In an age when doubt knocks at many an unwilling door, when timid souls fear lest a robust faith in the divine and supernatural has become an impossibility, his clarion note of triumphant assurance of divine things dispelled the panic-born unbelief. What he always taught was that the supreme evidence for the truth of Christianity was the personality of Jesus. If men relinquished their faith in a divine revelation, in the possibility of miracle, in any sure hope of immortality, he would say: These men cannot apprehend the force of argument. They are blind to the overwhelming proof which the very nature of Jesus gives. He is the supreme miracle of all time. All confess him to be at least the great spiritual genius of our race. I believe he knew what he taught. I am willing to trust my eternal destiny to his word. If he tells me that in his Father's house are many mansions, I am sure of immortality.

Such a faith as this, so open to spiritual intimations, so absolutely trustful of God, no more needed the ordinary countersigns of truth than the growing tree needs artificial supports. By faith he walked with God. The divine world was real to him, as real as the material world. From a personal knowledge of the eternal things of God, of righteousness and of immortality he spoke to men.



PHILLIPS BROOKS HOUSE, HARVARD UNIVERSITY
Contributions to erect which came from twenty-nine states and from England, France, Turkey, South America, China and Japan

Phillips Brooks as a Poet

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

In a passage in his note-books, written at the age of twenty-two after reading the life of Goethe, Phillips Brooks defines the true claim which the world has upon the poet: "Make me feel what I have not yet felt, make me think what I have not yet thought, then I will praise you." The test may be one in intensity as well as of novelty, but unless the poet either deepens or enlarges the emotional or intellectual scope of the soul, he will not long be remembered.

Phillips Brooks would have been the first to require that his verse, so far as it was published, should be submitted to this test, and the last to claim that he had won for himself a high place in one of the most exacting of the arts. Yet, with this high ideal of what the poet owes the world, he was all his life long a writer of verse, and recommended it as a practice to others. "There are moods of mind," he says, "and circumstances of condition when utterance, and utterance in that particular form which we call verses, is eminently healthy. . . . They help him to establish his identity, to prove his right to old hopes and thoughts and fancies, to his whole past self. But found in a stranger's hand they are simply proof positive that he has no right to them. . . . We find poems written in the world that we cannot help reading and singing. Out of as prosaic a car window as your road can boast, I saw God write a gorgeous poem this very morning. With a fresh sunbeam for a pencil, on a broad sheet of level snow, the diamond letters were spelled out one by one till the whole was aflame with poetry. . . . If any one of you has written poetry by stealth and is ashamed of it, don't show it; but if it came from the heart, thank God, who put it in your heart to write it. Keep it so long as it can sing itself to you. Only don't show it, least of all publish it. You break the spell as soon as any one but yourself sees it."

These words, addressed to students, clearly define their author's attitude toward the verse he wrote. He felt no call to minister to the world by this form of art. His service was of another sort and demanded all his strength. But he had found the writing of verse one of the best of preparations for his proper work, and as such recommended it to others. It was a means of self-expression and a form of training. Words were his instruments, the laws and limitations of verse form, the constant search for the exact and the beautiful expression, the study of rhythmic sequences—all contributed to the ease and certainty, the grace and power of that torrent of words in which he poured out his mind and heart in the pulpit. He would not have claimed the poet's crown, but in the service of poetry he learned to be a better preacher.

Phillips Brooks, like most men of genius, was essentially a lonely man. Without the intimacy of the marriage relation, habitually reticent about his own thoughts and feelings, a Puritan by inheritance and by inclination, he needed some form of self-expression and found it, especially in his younger years, in poetry. The mood, the hour of vision, the stress of feeling, called for some outlet and found it in the measured words that sung themselves in his mind. He was a stronger and a happier man, more cheerful and more helpful, because he could give utterance in forms of beauty to the burning thought.

With few exceptions all the verse which has been given to the public falls

THE MONUMENT IN MOUNT AUBURN

The Message

The silent stars are full of speech
  For who hath ears to hear;
The winds are whispering each to each,
And stars their sacred lessons teach
  Of faith and hope and fear.

But once the sky its silence broke,
  And song o'erflowed the earth;
And Angels mortal language spoke,
When God our human utterance took,
  In Christ the Saviour's birth.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

under one or the other of these conditions. It was written as an exercise in words, or it was the natural expression and relief of intense feeling or vivid impression. This personal factor explains his success as a hymn writer, for hymns are not objective and isolated—they are the personal impression which interprets musically the common mood, carrying the individual thought and feeling to a greater depth or height than it could by itself have known. If it had been less personal, the Christmas hymn, O Little Town of Bethlehem, would not have sung itself into the favor of the church. It is warm with the heart-blood of a great man's feeling for the advent of his Lord, and it takes up and includes the reverential joy of thousands.

It is because Phillips Brooks was so great a man, powerful in intellect, large in view and intense in feeling, that the public has taken for its own a portion of his work in verse. He might have given us still more which the world would have remembered gratefully. But it would have been at the expense of his true message to the world, which he delivered from the pulpit, and this would have been too large a price to pay. As they now are, even the poems which his biographer has shared with us show that they were thrown off at a white heat of feeling and never received that careful revision which often makes the difference between failure and success.

Many qualities of the true poet Brooks possessed in a high degree—the brooding mind, sensitiveness to impressions, keen appreciation of beauty, great depth of passionate feeling, breadth and accuracy of observation and a true sense of the harmony and melody of words. Nor must it be forgotten that the poets were his teachers, that from Tennyson he seems first to have gained his sense of the place of faith in our life with God, that traces of Wordsworth are to be read in his early thinking and that the great poets of Greece and Italy and England were the life companions of his reading. The noble sonnets which embody and express his feeling after reading the three great tragedies of Æschylus perhaps touch the high water mark of his power of self-expression on the literary side. The hymns are too well known to need comment. Most of the published verse is deeply religious in feeling and strongly personal in tone—the revealed confidences of a great and inwardly lonely man in silent hours when he wrote down his thoughts for himself alone.

Boston Ministers' Meeting

The ministers decided in a business session to choose two moderators each year and elected Rev. A. F. Pierce of Campello for the next term. The hour on Jan. 5 will be of a devotional character, with no addresses.

Africans and Their Homes was the subject of a carefully prepared paper by Rev. George A. Wilder, missionary to Mt. Silinda, East Africa, dealing with the history and customs of native races and the relation of the continent to the world.

What's that rustling in the air
As the old year's time grows brief?
'Tis the Good Boy everywhere
Turning over a new leaf.
—*George Birdseye, in Good Housekeeping.*

Phillips Brooks at Harvard

By Prof. Francis G. Peabody, D.D.

Prof. F. G. Peabody, Plummer professor of Christian Morals, Harvard University, and author of Jesus Christ and the Social Question, has been so intimately identified with the development of Harvard University's religious life during the last twenty years that no one could write with fuller information and keener insight on this special theme. Moreover the two men were closely associated in efforts looking toward the moral welfare of successive generations of Harvard students.

The affection of Phillips Brooks for his university was continuous and unbounded, and remains a happy reminiscence for those who witnessed his devotion. The most conspicuous achievement of his early professional life was his prayer at the Harvard Commemoration Day in 1865—an utterance of faith and hope as remarkable for its restrained emotion as the Commemoration Ode of Mr. Lowell. The call which seemed to him more imperative than the service of Trinity Church was the call which he received in 1881 to the Plummer professorship in Harvard University.

Had he not been overwhelmed by the protests of his Boston friends he would have accepted this call; and the task proposed to him was so congenial and familiar, that, as one may not unreasonably believe, it might have prolonged his life through these ten years. It is, in fact, quite bewildering to think what might have happened to the spiritual life of the university if it had thus received the continuous inspiration of his ministry. What he was deterred from doing for the university as a distinct vocation he was, however, soon able to do in large degree through the establishment in 1886 of the new system of religious administration.

Up to that date Phillips Brooks had seen no adequate alternative for the traditional system of compulsory attendance at worship, and had more than once in the board of overseers opposed the proposition, made by both faculty and students, that attendance at religious exercises should be made voluntary. When, however, the scope and purpose of the new plan of liberty and privilege were set before him he fairly leaped to its support, advocated it in the board of overseers, enlisted in the first board of preachers, and until his election as bishop served in the college chapel with the most complete magnanimity, hopefulness and self-effacement. He touched the whole scheme with the greatness of his hope. "I cannot tell you," he wrote, "how much I have enjoyed this last busy month." "We must be very confident in hope." "Pray, use me in any way at any time, and do not let even Cambridge quench your hope."

His conduct of morning prayers can never be forgotten by those who had the privilege of worshiping with him. He was not infrequently in the pulpit before any of the congregation had arrived, as though he could hardly wait to begin the service. As a rule the first words of his prayer were those of some short collect in the prayer-book, uttered with great rapidity and as though to touch the note of his desire; but after a few sentences his mind, as it were, took wings, and soared away into the region of free prayer, with a fullness, liberty and delight, of amazing richness and power. I have always believed that these unstudied petitions, uttered thus for the sake of young men in the confidential intimacy of college life, disclosed more than any other expression of his mind the interior greatness, sanity, range and elevation of his spiritual life. Thus, for four years as university preacher, and in not infrequent service even after he became bishop, he lavished his time and love upon his university; and when, at the last, eight Harvard undergraduates bore his body to its burial and the whole mass of students and teachers stood bareheaded in the college yard as his funeral passed by, these outward acts of reverence were but the imperfect symbols of a universal gratitude and love.

In 1890 Phillips Brooks, with his colleagues on the board of preachers, observed the importance of providing for the university a building which should be generously used for religious, philanthropic and social purposes. "Such a building," wrote the staff of preachers to friends of the university, "would represent one more step in the comprehensive religious work of which the establishment of the board of preachers was the first step." A few pledges and subscriptions were secured for this building, and then, of a sudden, came the death of Phillips Brooks. At once it became plain to a few friends, young and old, that the proposed building would be a fitting memorial of his devotion to the university; and the happy issue of this desire stands in the corner of the college yard most familiar to Phillips Brooks, and is dedicated to "Piety, charity and hospitality," in grateful memory of him.

Of the utility of Phillips Brooks House this is not the place to write, but no one can have any part in the varied activities which are there administered, and observe Catholics and Protestants, incidents of festivity and works of philanthropy, the life of prayer and the life of study, sharing its rooms in happy and tolerant fellowship, without reflecting how welcome such a witness of Christian unity would have been to Phillips Brooks, and how consecrated the house remains from year to year through the gracious benediction of his spirit.

I would not teach a boy that, if he needs anything he has only to ask God for it and wait with folded hands for the Creator of the universe to send it; but I am justified in teaching that when a man is doing his level best for humanity and God, he has the privilege of laying his needs and desires before his Heavenly Father. This was what Ted and I did.—*G. W. Hinckley.*

Phillips Brooks and His Younger Brethren in the Ministry

By the Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, D.D.

Photo by Notman

William Lawrence, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts, former professor of homiletics and pastoral theology and dean of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, was chosen as Bishop Brooks's successor when the latter died. He and Phillips Brooks were so intimate during the time when Dr. Lawrence was training young men for the Christian ministry that he had abundant opportunity to know of the influence which Phillips Brooks exerted upon younger men.

Phillips Brooks was very human. He was not one of those useful and uninteresting men who seem to have the same affection and regard for everybody, who shake hands equally heartily with all men and present to each the same mechanical smile. He had his personal prejudices, his likes and dislikes and his strong affections. Because a man happened to be a younger brother in the ministry he did not thereby gain the personal interest of Dr. Brooks. There was another question to be answered: What sort of a younger brother was he?

To go back a step Phillips Brooks's imagination always kindled at the possibilities of life. As he came in touch with youth he was impressed with the potentialities of the youth fully as much as by the youth himself. It was this glow of imagination that in his own mind surrounded every college student with interest and even romance. Every student represented to him the next generation as well as the present day. When one of the students in whom he was thus interested decided to study for the ministry and then entered the theological school there was an evident change of attitude on the part of Dr. Brooks. He was of course deeply interested in the step that the young man had taken and grateful that the ministry was to receive an addition to its force. It was not enough for him now, however, that the young man was simple, frank and sincere; the question was also, had he other essential characteristics, depth of conviction, capacity for development, humility, modesty and the finest ambitions? Immediately one felt that the critical instinct in Dr. Brooks was at work and that he was making distinctions.

If, for instance, the student of divinity should reveal in Dr. Brooks's presence a bit of self-conceit, unworthy ambition, affectation or insincerity, he would quickly feel a check of sympathy; and in the change of countenance, self-reserve and coldness of manner the young man would feel that the door to Dr. Brooks's interest in him had been closed. If, however, the divinity student who called upon him revealed simplicity, sincerity and humility, it mattered little to Dr. Brooks what his intellectual ability or outlook was. He would open up to him the richest and deepest of his thought and his best counsel and inspiration.

This same attitude was sustained towards the young men in the ministry. Some young clergymen bored him, some irritated him, many interested him deeply. One point, however, should be emphasized. If a young clergyman came to him in trouble, if he were oppressed by intellectual difficulties or personal sorrows, any prejudice or personal sentiments that Dr. Brooks might have towards the man vanished, and because he was in trouble he gave himself fully to the solution of his difficulties. In fact, this was one of the finer qualities of his character, the way in which he would give of the best of his time and thought to young clergymen who personally interested him but little and even bored him.

I remember a rather self-conceited and garrulous young clergyman speaking to Dr. Brooks on the train and as the man passed on he asked, "Who is that?" I mentioned his name and added, "What is the matter with him? You do not seem to fancy him." "No," said he, "I was at a dinner with him the other day. He talked all the time and there were older and wiser guests than he." Dr. Brooks could never forget that dinner or sink his prejudice, which was a legitimate one, for the young man was self-conceited. At the same time, whenever that clergyman asked Dr. Brooks to preach for him or to do him any favor, he was at the man's service, but escaped from his company as soon as the duty was over.

One is amazed as he recalls the amount of extra work that Dr. Brooks took upon himself in behalf of his younger brethren. For many years he preached twice a Sunday in Trinity Church and a third time in some church, it might be fifty miles distant, at the request of a brother minister. To be sure he enjoyed the preaching. He was conscious, however, of the fact that the people wanted to hear him preach, that the young rector would be helped by his coming, and it was for the good that he did as well as the pleasure that he gained that he gave such rich and continuous service.

Long before Dr. Brooks was elected bishop he was the counselor of young clergymen for many miles about and, by correspondence, of ministers throughout the whole country. It is interesting to note the way in which he would meet the problems that were put before him. When a clergyman entered his study he was received with that warm and frank welcome which melted embarrassment and enabled him to open his heart. If the difficulty were an intellectual one Dr. Brooks listened with keen interest and sympathy until the story was told, then threw himself into the position of the man and joined with him in unraveling the questions; or rather, I should say, he injected into the problem such fresh and positive thoughts and considerations as gradually and unconsciously changed the whole bearing of the problem.

Before the young man knew it he was discussing the question, not why he should believe this or that, but why he should not. He was not considering how far he could go and still remain a loyal member of the church, but whether, holding the views that he did, he would really feel at home and happy in the church. He was not worried with the thought as to what he could not believe, but was kindling with the inspiration of what it was possible for him to believe, how rich and deep and fundamental the truths were which he then held, and how, by continuing to grasp them and their spiritual significance, other questions would sink into insignificance and he would find himself on strong and firm footing. The positiveness of the intellectual temper of Phillips Brooks, the depth and strength of his conviction, the spiritual attitude which he bore to all intellectual truth, created an atmosphere which gave inspiration, even if it did not always succeed at the time in bringing intellectual conviction.

If a country parson came to him fretted with the petty cares of the little parish, Dr. Brooks listened with patience to the story of friction, prejudice and worry; then he led the man on step by step out of his little, narrow life into a larger conception of the ministry. He suggested its great possibilities, opened up the beauties of character that might be concealed within the life of the parish, and as the parson bid Dr. Brooks farewell and thanked him, he walked down the steps, freer, lighter and full of a sense of the glory of his work. Even if a week or two later he found himself again lost in petty details and little questions he could look back to that short call in the rectory of Trinity Church as a traveler on the desert recalls his refreshment at the cooling spring.

When Dr. Brooks became bishop there was another change of attitude. He had such a love for his church, such appreciation of her traditions and such hope for her future that he could not conceive of anything greater than doing his part as a bishop to lead her on in her divine work. He esteemed the office of bishop the noblest that any man could hold. Human as he was he also had a full appreciation of his duty as an overseer of the church and as a father in God to his clergy. He did not care much for that title Father in God, as it is often popularly interpreted; he did have, however, a keen appreciation of what that title meant. To all the clergy of the diocese he was as their spiritual father or their elder brother. No matter how self-conscious, conceited or unreal a clergyman might be the bishop had a duty to him and a privilege in leading him to a truer and simpler character and to a finer conception of the ministry. Therefore, there was no clergyman in the diocese, however far removed he might be from Bishop Brooks in his ecclesiastical sympathies or his intellectual outlook, that could not go to him as his bishop with perfect confidence that he would receive such guidance, sympathy and inspiration as were in the power of the bishop to give.

The Home and Its Outlook

A Song of Degrees

BY SAMUEL V. COLE

The world, I thought, belonged to me—
Goods, gold and people, land and sea;
Where'er I walked beneath God's sky,
In those old days, my word was "I."

Years passed; there flashed my pathway near
The fragment of a vision dear;
My former word no more sufficed,
And what I said was, "I and Christ."

But, O, the more I looked on Him
His glory grew, while mine grew dim;
I shrank so small, He towered so high,
All I dared say was, "Christ and I."

Years more the vision held its place
And looked me steadily in the face;
I speak now in a humbler tone,
And what I say is, "Christ alone."

Red-Letter Days

Birthday books are seldom of a quality to insure constant reading, and a birth-book not at hand might as well be in the bush so far as reminding us of our friend's birthday is concerned. A correspondent suggests a better way which is not likely to fail. Take the calendar which you hang on your wall or at your desk and to which you constantly refer, and at the beginning of the year, with red water color or red pencil, cover the number of the anniversary days—as Sundays and holidays are printed in red on some calendars. With the red number in plain sight your own memory will readily recall the friend whom each red-letter day commemorates—or, failing that, the birthday book will serve its proper use as an index. You will be surprised to see how these private holidays of the heart will lighten up and give meaning by anticipation to your index of the days.

Men's Work and Women's

Woman's entrance into commercial life recently occasioned an observer to wish that all women would return to the occupations of their grandmothers. The speaker forgot the rule of physics that two bodies cannot occupy the same place at the same time. How can women return to occupations which are pre-empted by men? Spinning, weaving and knitting, once women's occupations, are today universally in the hands of men; there are men dressmakers, men cloakmakers; the man bakeshop has largely supplanted the home breadmaker; the laundryman, the washerwoman. Meanwhile the *chef* dominates the kitchen, and frequently draws a larger salary than the presidents of our leading colleges. A single creamery in California habitually turns out 1,200 pounds of delicious butter in one day, the proprietor having little more to do in its manufacture than to regulate his automatic machines. Had one of our grandmothers lived to the present day, and spent all her time skimming cream and laboriously working the handle of her churn, she could not have made so much butter as this single creamery turns out in any month of the year. Places in modern competition are ceasing to be a matter of sex. Who does the work best, to him or to her the work gravitates. Is not this the whole situation in a nutshell?

Phillips Brooks as an Uncle

LETTERS TO TWO CHILDREN *

TRENTO, SUNDAY, AUGUST 10, 1883

Dear Gertie: I bought the prettiest thing you ever saw for you the other day. If you were to guess for three weeks, making two guesses every minute, you could not guess what it is. I shall not tell you, because I want you to be all surprised to pieces when you see it, and I am so impatient to give it to you that I can hardly wait. Only you must be in a great hurry and get well, because you see it is only five weeks from today that I shall expect to see you in the dear old study in Clarendon Street, where we have had such a lot of good times together before now.

Just think of it! We'll set the music box a-going, and light all the gaslights in the house, and get my doll out of her cupboard, and dress Tood up in a red pocket handkerchief and stand her up on the study table, and make her give three cheers! And we'll have some gingerbread and lemonade.

I've got a lot of things for you besides the one which I bought for you the other day. You couldn't guess what it is if you were to guess forever, but this is the best of all, and when you see it you will jump the rheumatism right out of you. I hope you will be quite well by that time. What sort of a place is Sharon? Do not write to me about it, but tell me all about it when I see you. What a lot you will have to tell! You can tell me what was in that Christmas letter which the wicked mail-man never brought to me.

Good-by, dear little girl. Don't you wish you knew what it was that I bought for you the other day? Give my love to Agnes and Tood.

Your affectionate uncle, P.

WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL, LONDON, JUNE 16, 1885

My dear Tood: You certainly deserve a letter, for your letters to me have been delightful and have made me very happy. I am sorry you have given up the poetry, because it was very interesting and amusing. Perhaps now that the strain of school is over, and you are among the sweet sights and sounds and smells of North Andover, you will drop into verse again. I shall be glad to hear you sing once more. Write me a poem about "Tom."

I am having a beautiful time, and I wish you all were here. If you were, I would get a big carriage this morning, and we would all go driving about London and out into Hyde Park, and perhaps far away into the country. We would see the rhododendrons, which are in full bloom now, and we would wish that the grass on the lawn in North Andover could be made to look half as soft and green as the grass on these beautiful English fields.

I have just come back from Oxford. You should have seen me yesterday walking about the streets in my Doctor's gown. It was a red gown with black sleeves, and is awfully pretty. It was only hired for the occasion, for it costs ever so much money, and I did not care to buy one. So you will never see how splendid I looked in it, for I shall never have it on again. . . .

Affectionately your UNCLE P.

* Quoted from Letters of Travel, published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

A Love Song

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS

(*Written in 1859*)

We sit together in our soul's high window, Dearest,
That looks upon the street of human life,
Within, our happy home; without, the world thou fearest;
Within, our peace; without, man's angry strife.

Look out! see how strange eyes look here upon us,
How poor they think our dwelling and how cheap;
They dream not of our godlike joys and honors,
The rich, ripe fields of blessing that we reap.

Nay, close the curtain; it is wrong, my Sweetest,
That they should see the love they do not know,
Our love, the purest, Darling, and completest
God ever trusted to our earth below.

Sit here, my love, with all the world behind us,
Sit hand in hand, nor dare to speak a word,
'Tis wronging God to share what he consigned us
With every outcast of the human herd.

So sit we by the soul's sweet fireside, Fairest;
The days go by as light winds kiss the flowers;
They seek through all earth's sweetest and earth's rarest
A love so sweet, a love so rare as ours.

Sonnet on Venice

As one who parts from Life's familiar shore,
Looks his last look in long-beloved eyes,
And sees in their dear depths new meanings rise
And strange light shine he never knew before;
As then he fain would snatch from Death his hand
And linger still, if haply he may see
A little more of this Soul's mystery
Which year by year he seemed to understand;
So, Venice, when thy wondrous beauty grew
Dim in the clouds which clothed the wintry sea,
I saw thou wert more beauteous than I knew,
But what I could not then I trust to see
In that next life which we call memory.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

As we pass from some experience to some experiment, from a tried to an untried scene of life, it is as when we turn to a new page in a book we have never read before, but whose author we know and love and trust to give us on every page words of counsel and purity and strengthening virtue.—*Phillips Brooks.*

For the Children

A Pair of Doll's Shoes

BY L. A. SCOTT

Charlie ran into the house, upstairs, and then down to the kitchen with his usual cry: "Where is my ball? Anybody seen my ball?"

When he reached the kitchen he stopped in the middle of the floor, for there was Dorothy, crying as if her heart would break. One small foot was lifted to a chair, and her mother was bathing the ankle with hot water and something which smelled like a drug store.

"What's the trouble? Toeache?"

"No, dear," his mother answered, "Dorothy has sprained her ankle."

"O!" Charlie came nearer and saw how it was swollen.

"It's too—too bad!" sobbed Dorothy. "I don't mind the ache so much, but—I can't—go—for my—doll's shoes," and she covered her eyes again with her tear-soaked handkerchief.

"Doll's shoes? Who cares?" Charlie inquired.

"I do. They're given away for nothing

at Ball and Bailey's—and all the girls"—

"Huh! Ball an' Bailey wouldn't do it, would they, Ma?"

"Yes, the *Times* said so yesterday. It's to advertise Glossman's shoe polish. Yes, all the little girls within the city limits are invited to bring their dolls and have them fitted. Dorry's Wilhelmina has never had a pair of nice shoes."

"*Never!*" wailed the little mother.

"I think it would be very nice if you, Charlie, would take the doll up. Dorry's friends have their own dolls, and they expect her to join them out on the square to take a car."

Charlie's face had flushed to the roots of his hair. "Me? Take Dorry's doll? Why, Ma Allen, what do you think I'm made of?"

"O, sugar and spice and all that's nice." Dorothy glanced up hopefully.

"Don't you remember, Charlie Allen, how I stayed in and read to you when you had the measles?"

"Huh! that wasn't hard; but—a boy with a doll baby! None of the other fellers would. The Stars wouldn't have me for captain another minute.

"I'm sorry if the Stars have given up doing kind things," said Mrs. Allen.

"O mother! you don't understand."

Charlie p'cked up his ball from behind the door and went out. He stood in the yard tossing it up and catching it in an aimless fashion. Two little girls with dolls hurried by. He looked after them, then turned and went in scowling and kicking the pebbles from the path.

"Look here," he said, throwing down his ball with unnecessary force, "I'll have to jump into my clothes if I go, an', Ma, you'll have to wrap up that doll baby so it'll look like a chicken 'r somethin'."

When Charlie came down, the lovely Wilhelmina Holland was tied up like a mummy, and he caught it and dashed away, Dorry sending after him a tremulous, "Be careful of her, won't you?"

Longwood was a suburb of S——, and two miles from Ball and Bailey's. When Charlie reached the square he found the "half-past car" ready to start, and well filled with a laughing, chattering crowd of little girls, each with a doll tenderly clasped in her arms.

"Where's Dorry?" they inquired, anxiously, as he swung himself to a seat.

"Spraint her ankle this morning."

"Isn't that too bad!" exclaimed Mamie Brent, Dorry's best friend. "Now she can't have any"—

Katie Wells nudged Mamie and looked significantly at Charlie's package. "O!" Mamie understood. Then Katie whispered to the next little girl, and very soon a dozen pairs of bright eyes were looking his way and such a giggling and shrugging of small shoulders followed as is seldom seen in an electric car.

"Why don't you take her out of the paper?" Mamie whispered, kindly. "You're holding her by the feet, and that isn't the right way."

"Don't you think you know a lot?" Charlie returned, his face growing very red. Then he turned quite away and watched the landscape.

As they left the car, Charlie was dismayed by the crowd. There were nurse girls with babies and dolls, mothers leading tiny tots and carrying dolls, rich little mothers with dainty doll babies and poor little mothers with the merest wrecks, whose pudgy feet no shoes would ever fit—all eager to share in the free distribution. As the crowd approached the door they were obliged to form in line, but Charlie had no idea of being among the last. "It'll be time for the game before I get 'round if I do," he said to himself, working his way toward the door, holding his "chicken" carefully out of harm's way. Without pushing or jostling he held every inch he gained.

"O, there's a boy!" he heard a tall girl exclaim, "and boys aren't invited."

"No, indeed!" her companion said.

"I guess Mr. Ball and Bailey will put him out in a hurry."

Just in front of these girls was a little hunchback with a scrap of a rag baby, and they looked at her scornfully.

"You'll never get shoes to fit that thing, so you better go home," said one. "You're right in our way too," added the other, and then they crowded forward till the child was forced out of line.

"No, you don't!" said Charlie, and with a strong hand he drew the now sobbing child back to her place, stepping in between her and the girls.

"Isn't he horrid?" they whispered. "Boys haven't any business here anyway—and without a doll, too."

Then Charlie realized that they suspected what was in his package, for they began to laugh and call attention to it. But the captain of the Stars held up his chin and worked toward his "base" without wavering. Reaching the "dolls' shoe counter," he took off Wilhelmina's wrappings, shook out her pretty muslin dress and awaited his turn.

"She's a beauty," said the smiling clerk; "your sister's?"

"Yes'm, she spraint her ankle an' couldn't come. But 'tend to *her* first."

"Her" was the little hunchback, whose head hardly reached the counter.

"O, yes! but I don't believe"—and the clerk bit her lip as she brought to view the shapeless feet of the old rag doll. "Maggie, isn't this a 'case'?"

"Sure," said the other clerk, and then they gave the poor little mother a doll with fluffy hair, a red dress and *shoes!* One glance of surprise, a whispered "thank you" and it was Charlie's turn.

"You see we knew there would be such cases, so some of us bought a lot of cheap dolls to give out rather than see the poor things disappointed," the clerk explained, as she took Wilhelmina.

"I'm glad to see one boy, and such a boy," she continued. "We didn't suppose there were so many dolls in the city. I only hope there'll be shoes enough."

"How many did you have?" Charlie asked, looking at the big boxes.

"We started with four thousand pairs. There! I think your sister will call that a good fit," and with another smile she handed back the doll, its feet covered with a pair of shining vici kid boots.

When Charlie reached home there was Dorry watching beside the window, her bandaged foot on a hassock.

"O, Charlie Allen, aren't you good!" she cried, her eyes shining as she examined the neatly fitted boots.

"They're just *lovely!* I'll do as much for you sometime."

"Nev' mind," Charlie responded, running upstairs for his "field suit." In a remarkably short time he was on his way to the ball ground, eating a big spicy cooky as he went. His mother did not say one word when she gave it to him, but she looked at him and smiled in a way that makes a boy particularly happy.

The Literature of the Day

A Preacher of Christ

The sad opportunity of the death of Joseph Parker, pastor of the City Temple, London, and known of all men as one of the greatest preachers of the time, finds a biographer ready. Dr. Adamson had, indeed, his story of the life* in process of publication and needed only to make record of the last days of illness and the passing on.

It was not in any outward sense an eventful life. The son of a working mason near the Scotch border, and himself intended as his father's successor and the enlarger of his business, the young man felt the call of the orator, the claim of the Puritan theology and the personal urgency of witness bearing. He began to preach in his own village; he went thence to London for a year of training. In Banbury and Manchester and London the strength of his faith and the grip of his personality brought instant success to weak or failing enterprises. He did one thing, and only one. Preaching was both vocation and avocation. For this he studied, for this he rested and traveled. And by the words of his mouth from the pulpit he built up an influence for good which extended over two continents.

No one could meet Dr. Parker and feel the grip of his hand and hear the tones of his voice without knowing that here was an uncommon man, big in body, stalwart in opinion, earnest in purpose and possessing in a high degree the gift which we call personal magnetism. He was an original thinker, while yet he was always true to the system of Reformation theology on which his youth had been nurtured. His point of view was always fresh, and he had the gift of flashing his meaning upon the mind by strangely incisive and picturesque words. This gift of style his biographer characterizes in telling how the People's Bible was prepared: "He spoke literature, which was taken down in shorthand." Few extemporizing preachers have been masters of such perfect and telling phrase. Strong as they are, nothing in his books tells of the man at his best. That was for the hours when he spoke as God's messenger to men.

Dr. Adamson's book is an appreciation. It is not composed in the judicial temper and is on occasion rather apologetic in tone. It is too soon for the summing up of the work of so masterful a man or for a critical estimate of his place among the religious forces of the nineteenth century. This was a large place among English-speaking men, as the book testifies. In its pages we have an admirable running sketch of the man in his environment. It contributes fresh material for the history of the times. Its atmosphere is warm with affectionate admiration, and this is what is wanted in these days when the hushed voice still echoes in the ears of many who listened to his words and were thrilled and inspired by them to nobler work for Christ.

*The Life of Joseph Parker, Pastor of City Temple, London, by William Adamson, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Rhode Island*

Mr. Richman is an admirer and defender of Roger Williams, and in tracing the founding of Rhode Island by him and in the subsequent fortunes of that colony he recognizes the largeness and sweetness of the man. He minimizes his offenses against the good order of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and maintains "that his offense upon the score of religion was primary and fundamental and that upon the score of politics incidental and contributory." He compares him in the period of his expulsion from the colony with Garrison, as "a man ruled by his conscience and reckless of consequences in following it."

One gets the feeling on reading the story that Williams in his earlier years was headstrong and destructive, but that in his later years he became a peacemaker. All through there can be little doubt he was further advanced in the ideas of personal and "soul liberty," *i. e.*, toleration and being tolerated, than the men of his day, certainly than the men of the Bay Colony.

The author takes issue with Dr. Dexter as to Roger Williams in several particulars. No doubt the writers took different points of view, one willing to cover and the other to display the defects in the subject. By reading both and weighing the evidence a truer view may perhaps be had than from either alone.

The story of the settlements in the main land and on the island, with the differences between them, their difficulties with one another and with the Indians and of the fixing of their boundaries is carefully told and made intelligible by maps.

*Rhode Island, Its Making and Its Meaning, by Irving B. Richman. pp. 266, 295. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50 net.

RELIGION

Bible Characters: Our Lord's Characters, by Alexander Whyte, D.D. pp. 311. F. H. Revell Co. $1.25.

Dr. Whyte is now perhaps the most successful Bible class leader in the English-speaking world. In these studies of the characters drawn by our Lord in his parables and preaching, he has a congenial field for the use of his sympathetic imagination and eloquent interpretation of character from brief hints and suggestions of the text. It is a book that is good to read and full of suggestions for devotional thought and the practical life.

The Gospel in the Christian Year, by Randolph H. McKim, D.D. pp. 343. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.40 net.

These are good, square, orthodox sermons which the people of the Church of the Epiphany in Washington, D. C., were privileged to hear. They are not brilliant either in thought or expression, but are sincere and earnest expositions along familiar lines and are of a practical and hortatory kind. They are evidently the product of a faithful minister of Christ Jesus.

Religion as a Credible Doctrine, by W. H. Mallock. pp. 287. Macmillan Co. $3.00 net.

Mr. Mallock delights in knocking chips off the shoulders of theologians, philosophers and scientists with an impartial hand. In this case he argues the fallacy of carrying the methods of science into the sphere of religion, or of supporting religion by the results of science. Nine-tenths of his book is destructive, attacking the strongholds of both religion and science. In the remainder he argues that we know both the material and moral worlds only by instinct or faith, that religion stands on precisely the same ground as science, and that in either sphere "an assent to contradictions is not a sign that a creed is useless or absurd, but that the ultimate nature of things is for our minds inscrutable."

Today and Tomorrow, by J. R. Miller, D.D. pp. 29. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents net.

The text is in Dr. Miller's characteristically helpful style. The attractiveness of the book depends largely upon the very pretty illustrations which are thickly scattered through its pages. It is a pretty gift book, which will bring pleasure to the eye and suggestion to the thought.

The Drillmaster of Methodism, by Chas. L. Goodell. pp. 248. Eaton & Mains. $1.25.

The Methodist class meeting varies all the way from a Bible class to a church prayer meeting. The distinctive feature is the leader, who is a sub-pastor for its members and responsible for them, if probationers, as to their admission to the church, or, if church members, as to their fidelity. This book states that less than one-half the membership of the churches attend class meetings at all. It contains practical advice to class leaders as to their personal character and the spirit which they should carry into their work and suggests methods for keeping up the interest among the members.

Ways of Well Doing, by Humphrey J. Desmond. pp. 30. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 28 cents net.

Practical thoughts on methods of making the most of our opportunities of Christian service. Suggestive and interesting.

In Perfect Peace, by J. R. Miller. pp. 29. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 28 cents net.

A characteristically helpful paper by Dr. Miller dealing with the promise and fulfillment of Christian peace. Well printed and prettily bound in the What is Worth While series.

BIBLES

The New Testament (American Revision). pp. 516. American Standard Edition. Thos. Nelson & Sons. Prices 55 cents to $2.50.

In its convenient form, beauty of print and page this edition of the American Standard edition of the New Testament will especially commend itself to the eye both of the purchaser and of the reader. It is just in the right form for a pocket or traveling companion.

The Holy Bible, Sunday School Scholar's Edition. Thos. Nelson & Sons. $1.25.

This edition of the Bible in the authorized version prepared for Sunday school scholars is notable for its compactness, fitting easily into a coat pocket, yet with readable type. The additions and introductory helps are edited by Dr. A. F. Schauffler. They suggest methods of Bible study and include a summary of the books of the Bible and a new Biblical catechism, a selection of memory verses and memory hymns, the story of the International Lessons and maps.

The Oxford Self Pronouncing Bible. Oxford University Press. $1.20 and upwards.

The Holy Bible, illustrated Sunday school edition. Oxford University Press, New York. $1.10 and upwards.

From the Oxford Press we receive as samples of their wide line of publications, their self-pronouncing teacher's Bible and a new illustrated Bible designed for Sunday schools. The pictures in the latter are steel plates selected from different sources. Both the texts are those of the authorized version. The workmanship and bindings of the Oxford Press in various styles and prices need no new commendation.

HISTORY

A History of the Babylonians and Assyrians, by Prof. George S. Goodspeed. pp. 422. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Sixty years ago a distinguished scholar declared that "a case scarcely three feet square inclosed all that remained, not only of the great city Nineveh but of Babylon itself." Today, thanks to the spade of the explorer, we have a better knowledge of the history and life of those peoples than of any nation before the times of the Greeks and Romans.

Our author's treatment is historical and orderly. After a general introduction he narrates the history of the old Babylonian empire from the earliest times to 2000 B. C. The next section describes the Kassite conquest, the decline of Babylonia and the rise of Assyria. Then comes the Assyrian kingdom, with its career of war and conquest from Tiglathpileser I. till its fall in 606 B. C. The brief period (606-539 B. C.) of the second Babylonian empire closes the national history of those Semitic peoples. The story is told fully and with scrupulous care. Every statement is weighed and the authority quoted or given. Yet the book, so far from being a dry and dull account of an unknown people, is an interesting as well as scholarly narrative of the life and history of two of the most important nations of the ancient world.

The Reign of Queen Anne, by Justin McCarthy. 2 vols. pp. 370, 386. Harper & Bros. $4.00 net.

The three great literary epochs of England coincide with the reign of three queens. Less important than the Elizabethan and Victorian age, the age of Queen Anne has always attracted the attention and interest of historians. Mr. McCarthy is well fitted by his researches in recent history for the preparation of this work. It is an admirable study by a widely observant and impartial mind of a period in which both politics and literature were of a high degree of interest. The personality of the queen hardly compares in interest with that of her greater sisters, but the men who were grouped about her are remarkable in many ways. The story of the Marlborough campaigns, of the union of Scotland and England, of Irish unrest and of political intrigue and literary achievement are told in a most interesting way. It is a worthy companion of the author's previous books. Preceding these in point of time, the historical perspective allows even a better proportion and unity than in either of the other works.

The Story of Athens, by Howard Crosby Butler. pp. 532. Century Co. $2.40 net.

Professor Butler in this handsomely made and illustrated book sketches the history of Athens from the beginning, through its ups and downs of success and failure, to the influence and hope of today. His experience as fellow of the American School of Classical Study and thorough knowledge of Greek literature and history fit him for the work. It will afford a sketch from a central viewpoint of most that is interesting in the history of Greek culture.

BOOKS ON CHINA

Glimpses of China and Chinese Homes, by Edward S. Morse. pp. 216. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Professor Morse's work on Japanese Homes is well-known. In this volume he gives similar results with pen and pencil of a visit to China in which he had unusual opportunities and introductions to homes in Shanghai and Canton. The book gives definite and practical ideas of details of Chinese architecture and domestic life. Professor Morse is deeply impressed with the indifference of the Chinese of all classes to dirt and their imperviousness to foul odors. In these particulars we feel in his pages the contrast not only with our Occidental ideas, but with the perfect neatness of Japanese homes. Without claiming wide or long continued acquaintance with China, the book commends itself for its distinctness of first impressions from a man of unusual qualifications for observation and comparison.

The Last Days of Pekin, translated from the French of Pierre Loti by Myrta L. Jones. pp. 296. Little, Brown & Co.

Pierre Loti is at once one of the most accomplished French men of letters and an officer in the navy. He accompanied the French admiral to Peking after the relief of the legations and describes in these letters, originally published in *Figaro*, his observations and experiences in the temples and palaces occupied by the allied troops. It was an unusual experience, of which he has made picturesque use. He makes us see the deserted halls and the ruin and spoliation wrought by the foreign occupation. The value of the book grows especially out of this poetical and impressionistic view. It loses something in its transfer from the French, but hardly so much as to mar the effect for the English reader.

China and the Chinese, by Herbert A. Giles, LL.D. pp. 229. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Lectures delivered before the students of Columbia University by the professor of Chinese at Cambridge, Eng. Their purpose is to afford an introduction to the wide field of knowledge about the Chinese people and their language. The introductory lecture deals with the language with considerable detail. The Chinese library at Cambridge is described. Then follow chapters on democratic China, a comparison of China and Greece, on Taoism and on Chinese manners and customs. For popular reading the book by no means puts its best foot forward, but it grows steadily more interesting to the end. It will do something in helping us to understand the largest people of the earth, and showing us that they are more various and less unlike ourselves than they are often represented.

OUTDOOR STUDIES

Nature and the Camera, by A. Radclyffe Dugmore. pp. 126. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 net.

A practical handbook of outdoor photography in its special adaptation to birds, animals, reptiles, fish and growing plants, illustrated by wonderfully clear and lifelike photographs, which prove again Mr. Dugmore's claim to be a master of the art. We take pleasure in calling the attention of the public to so sensible, helpful and beautiful a book, and note especially its consideration for the creatures which must be more or less disturbed in the work. He warns his readers, for example, that the shelter of nests should not be removed or destroyed in the process of getting a picture.

A First Book of Forestry, by Filibert Roth. pp. 291. Ginn & Co. 85 cents.

The author comes to his subject with experience in German forestry as well as knowledge of the needs of American students, gained in teaching the subject at Cornell University. He is now chief of the United States Division of Forestry. The book is practical and interesting and the numerous illustrations do much to make its teachings clear. It is not a book for children, but for mature students in high schools and colleges of one of the most important industrial departments of our modern life.

FICTION

Cecilia, by F. Marion Crawford. pp. 421. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

This story of Roman life will take rank with Mr. Crawford's best books. It finds its motive in a young girl's ignorance of the meaning of her own emotions. The friendship of her two lovers with their marked contrasts of character is drawn with charm and power. Mr. Crawford's pleasure in what is called the occult finds expression in a study of dreams and telepathy which are vital elements in the development of the plot. Grant the author this corner stone of his building and the rest follows as a matter of course. The book proves once more that on his own Italian ground Mr. Crawford is one of the most delightful and satisfying of the English-speaking story-writers of the time.

The Heritage, by Burton Egbert Stevenson. pp. 324. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

The characters in this book are well sustained and the "story of defeat and victory" is well told. The history relates to the fighting with the Miami Indians under Generals St. Clair and Wayne and is an appreciation of the unfortunate St. Clair.

The Invisibles, by Edgar R. Christopher. pp. 329. Saalfield Pub. Co. $1.50.

Romance on a generous—not to say grandiose—scale, with a world-wide secret society and a labyrinth of caverns in Kentucky. A hypnotized tiger loosens its teeth on the hero, who follows the hypnotizer into the society, shares its dangers and finds a love adventure of a fervid sort which in the upshot he is left free to pursue.

Mary Mattoon and Her Hero of the Revolution, by Alice M. Walker. pp. 83. Privately printed.

An interesting sketch of an interesting heroine of the Revolution and her hero, with fine illustrations, by the wife of a professor of Amherst Agricultural College, who has lived for many years among the scenes where the events occurred which are the basis of the story.

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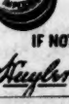

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The Campaign of Testimony*

III. Further Testimony in Macedonia

BY PROF. EDWARD I. BOSWORTH

1. *The new "social group" in Thessalonica.* Wherever Paul and his associates went there was soon formed a new "group" sharply differentiated from all the other "social groups" about it. The narrative in Acts 17: 1-10 and the epistle to the Thessalonians, written soon after the Thessalonian "group" was formed, afford the clearest data to be found in the New Testament for the study of the characteristics of this new kind of "group" and the processes of its formation.

Three men entered Thessalonica and took lodgings in the Ghetto. They called upon the leaders of the Ghetto, and, since one of the three was a Jerusalem rabbi, he was invited to speak in the synagogue on the following Sabbath. In the meantime the rabbi, who was the leader of the three, purchased raw material and began his work as a weaver of tent cloth. His trade continued to be his sole source of support during his residence in Thessalonica [1 Thess. 2: 9], with the exception of two purses sent to him by friends in Philippi, where one of the new groups had recently been formed [Phil. 4: 15, 16]. On the Sabbath in the synagogue the peculiar views of these travelers were developed. A new and startling discovery in the exegesis of the Hebrew scriptures had been made, namely, that the long expected Messiah of the Jews would appear in the world, die, be resurrected from the dead and taken into the heavens for a time. The visitors further maintained that a Jew named Jesus, who some twenty years before had been crucified in Palestine as a Messianic aspirant, had been raised from the dead and was therefore identified as the prophesied Messiah [Acts 17: 3, 4]. This Messiah, Jesus, they asserted, would soon return to judge the nations and inaugurate the Messianic kingdom of God [1 Thess. 1: 10]. For three Sabbaths they explained their views from the synagogue platform, and then, for reasons to be noted later, left the synagogue and continued for some months exploiting their views in some other building.

A large group of people accepted these new views. The group was composed of some Jews; a much larger number of Greeks who, long before the arrival of these men, had been regular attendants upon the synagogue service, especially of Greek women from the higher social circles of the city [Acts 17: 4]; and a large number of Greeks who had been adherents of the pagan faith [1 Thess. 1: 9, 10]. The characteristics of this new "group" were the firm adherence of its members to the theory of Jesus' Messiahship, the expectation that he would certainly return to judge the nations and inaugurate his kingdom, and in the meantime a sense of personal fellowship with the Lord Messiah that inspired them to lives of unfailing good will towards their fellowmen, particularly towards other members of the group [1 Thess. 3: 11-13].

The Thessalonica of that day, like the modern Saloniki, was the seaport for a large and rich interior and had communication by sea with all the Mediterranean world. Consequently this new group in Thessalonica soon became famous all through the Levant [1 Thess. 1: 8-10].

2. *Opposition from the environment.* Strangely enough these new groups generally met with violent opposition. In Thessalonica the Jews were the prime instigators of the opposition. Their leading men were, perhaps, envious of the wider hearing which the visiting rabbi succeeded in winning; but they were more profoundly disturbed by the fact that he proposed to admit all, regardless of national or social distinction, into this group that believed in the Messiah and waited for his kingdom. The Jews were able, perhaps by the use of bribes, to incite the loafers in the market place to acts of violence, and soon succeeded in making the visiting rabbi and his friends appear to the authorities to be politically suspicious and offensive. A leading member of the new group, in whose house Paul had been entertained, was put in bonds, probably to guarantee Paul's departure from the city. In any case, Paul speedily left the city; but emissaries of the Jews followed him and there was danger for a time that he would be assassinated. His friends did not feel at ease until a faithful bodyguard had brought him safely to Athens [Acts 17: 10, 13-15]. In Thessalonica after his departure slanders were industriously circulated about him. He was said to be a fanatic; his meetings were said to have been characterized by vile licentiousness ("uncleanness"); he was said to have been a rascal, whose one purpose was to get money or to gratify his ambition for popularity. Paul makes a spirited protest against these charges in 1 Thess. 2: 3-12, and pays his compliments to the Jewish slanderers.

In spite of all opposition from the environment these new groups gained steadily in numbers and influence, so that Paul a little later could speak with enthusiasm concerning the progress of the movement [Col. 1: 5, 6]. The opposition was not so violent everywhere as in Thessalonica. In the Berean Ghetto, for instance, the leading spirits happened to be men of broader mind and nobler disposition than those of the Thessalonian Ghetto.

3. *The modern church as a "social group."* There is need that the modern church come to a more distinct consciousness of itself as a social group like those of the apostolic days. We need to ask ourselves what are the characteristics that should distinguish the church from all other social groups and how these characteristics may be more effectively developed? What thought ought to arise instinctively in the mind of one who in city or village passes a building occupied by one of these groups for its meetings? Ought the group to be differentiated from all others by the same characteristics that distinguished the apostolic churches? Or have changing conditions modified these characteristics?

* International Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 18. Text, Acts 17: 1-12.

Reduced Prices on Suits and Cloaks.

FOR the next few weeks only we offer Suits, Skirts and Cloaks made to order at one-third less than the regular prices. This is a splendid opportunity to secure a well-made and stylish garment of brand-new material at a very low price. Take advantage of this offer before it is too late. If the garment is not satisfactory, return it promptly and we will refund your money.

Note these reductions:

Suits of materials suitable for Winter and early Spring wear; former price $10, reduced to $6.67.
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Our new Spring Catalogue will be ready January 20th; every well-dressed woman should have a copy. Write today, and we will mail you one, with a line of new Spring Samples, as soon as issued. Be sure to say you wish the *New Spring Catalogue and Samples.*

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Connecticut

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Forward Movements in Sunday School Pedagogy

Efforts are being made in Central Connecticut to meet the increasing demand for special training of Sunday school teachers. In many places the methods and acquisitions of trained pedagogists are being placed at their disposal.

At South Church, New Britain, a course of twenty lectures is in progress on Child Nature and Religious Pedagogy, by a representative of the Bible Normal College of Hartford. These are thrown open to all Sunday school teachers and parents in the community who care to avail themselves of the opportunity, on payment of a nominal fee for expense. The response is justifying the hope that similar courses may be arranged for the future.

Under Child Nature, such topics as these in their bearing on religious teaching are discussed by the lecturer and studied at home by the class: The Relation of Mind and Body; Heredity and Environment; The Child's Mental Development; Habit; The Self and the Social Feelings; Children's Interests; Training the Will; The Religion of Childhood.

Religious Pedagogy is more particularly treated under these sub-topics: The Psychological Basis of Teaching Method; Essential Steps in a Good Method; An Illustrative Lesson with Discussion of Method and Manner in its Teaching; Selection and Arrangement of Lesson Material; The Teachers' Lesson Plan; Use of Illustrations; The Arts of Questioning and Story-telling. The result of the members' work on these topics is discussed in a part of each hour.

This school has also had a monthly teachers' social for informal discussion of the school work. It affords opportunity for good fellowship, business and addresses by experts on various live topics connected with Sunday school work.

At Fourth Church in Hartford, a shorter course on pedagogy, similar to the above, is given in connection with the monthly normal class. Several schools in the region are fortunate in having trained public school teachers, or graduates of normal or pedagogy courses, who are leading classes suited to conditions in each place. Bristol, Middletown and other near-by towns for two years have held union meetings, with lectures by eminent specialists, and the remarkable interest manifested is sufficient evidence that teachers and parents in our churches appreciate the efforts to apply to religious training the attainments of the psychologist and pedagogist.

The Connecticut State Sunday School Association (interdenominational), realizing the need of normal training and knowing the difficulty of securing leaders in smaller schools, has prepared through a committee of eminent pastors and teachers a pamphlet on Teacher Training. This aims to help pastors and superintendents to carry on normal classes for systematic instruction on The teacher and his spiritual life; his Bible, his school, his scholar and his teaching—or, What he should be, should know, should do and how to do it. Any one enrolling with the state general secretary, Mr. George F. Deming of New Haven, doing the required reading and passing examinations, may receive the state diplomas for initial or advanced courses.

H. C. I.

The Hartford Ten-Mile Circuit

The institution by Dr. Lamson of the Sunday four o'clock vesper service in First Church, Hartford, so successful under him, has been well sustained by Mr. Potter, and was followed last year by like services in Park and Windsor Avenue Churches, to the great satisfaction of large numbers. This year South Church has inaugurated a similar service, which has become deservedly popular. Conducted, as they all are, with good taste, they contribute to the development of a devotional spirit and must leave permanent impressions for good upon many lives.

CARRYING THE GOSPEL TO THE POOR

At the annual meeting of the Hartford City Missionary Society, the agent of our local churches for conducting evangelistic work as well as incidental charitable work, its devoted missionary, Mr. H. J. Gillette, reported the past year as the most fruitful in spiritual results of any in his five years' connection with the organization. How far this is due to his 2,200 calls, 367 services conducted and his Christian courtesy in hearing the wants of his 2,000 callers is only known on high. That no little credit is due to his fidelity no one cognizant of his labors would dispute. Under the auspices of the society a good work has been carried on among the Italians by Rev. Guiseppe Merlino, who is to give his whole time next year to his countrymen in Windsor Locks. Morgan Street Sunday School, also under the care of the society, has a unique attendance, the majority of the scholars being Jews and Italian Roman Catholics, with a few Irish of the same faith and a smaller number of Protestants. Another missionary, Miss Caroline E. Bartlett, has been doing excellent work superintending the primary department, conducting a Pleasant Hour Club on Monday afternoons for those who would not attend Sunday service, looking after a kitchen garden or little housekeepers' class and visiting the children's homes. A Loyalty Club, in the interest of young women, has also been conducted so successfully that a junior club of the same nature is now led by the same young lady. Surely our missionary society has reason to thank God for the results of its work and to take courage.

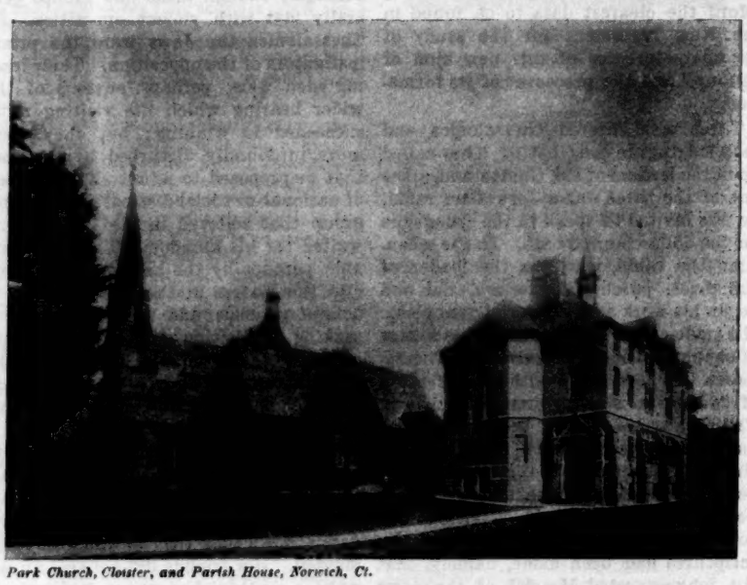
WINDSOR LOCKS WITH A PERMANENT PASTOR

An event that augured good for the church in Windsor Locks was the installation, Oct. 24, of Franklin P. Reinhold as its pastor and teacher. A native of Ohio, a graduate of Western Reserve College and of Union Seminary and a successful pastor for four years of Grace Church, Holyoke, Mass., Mr. Reinhold comes to his charge well prepared to meet the warm expectations which have centered in him. The exercises of the installation service were preceded by an organ recital. The sermon, on Development of the Finest Type of Humanity through the Church, was by President Thwing, with whom Mr. Reinhold was associated as clerk during his college course. Other participants were Drs. J. H. Twichell, P. S. Moxom, E. A. Reed, Rev. Messrs. W. W. Ranney and R. H. Potter, the latter giving a Welcome to Connecticut. This church has met with a great loss in the recent death of Dea. Jabez H. Hayden, who had been connected with it from its formation, and as clerk, treasurer and deacon had shown rare fidelity to the interests of the kingdom.

HOCKANUM'S SILVER ANNIVERSARY

Despite a snowstorm which demoralized the trolley system about Hartford there was good attendance at the celebration, Dec. 14, of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the South (Hockanum) Church of East Hartford, of which, for ten years, Francis P. Bacheler has been pastor. The clerk, F. Howard Ensign, read a statistical paper, two laywomen gave historical papers, and another, one of reminiscence. At the afternoon service Rev. Messrs. F. R. Waite, W. P. Clancey and Herbert Macey, former pastors, with Rev. W. B. Tuthill, pastor of First Church, gave addresses of reminiscence and congratulation. The evening service had to be resolved into one of song, owing to the inability of Dr. E. P. Parker to reach the church and preach the anticipated sermon. The church has had steady growth and exerts a strong influence in the community. Its pastor has been thoroughly identified with the interests of the town and has been actively connected with educational matters, having served on the school board and as acting visitor. The church promises to attain even greater prosperity than hitherto.

L. W. H.



Park Church, Cloister, and Parish House, Norwich, Ct.

The Southeastern Corner

A NORWICH PARISH HOUSE

Park Church, Nov. 2, dedicated and formally opened its Osgood Memorial Parish House, erected, at a cost of $40,000, by Mrs. H. H. Osgood in memory of her late husband. It stands in the rear of the church, on a spacious lot given for this purpose by Colonel Osgood years before his death. The lower part is of brown stone, harmonizing with the church and chapel; the upper stories of lighter brick, securing individuality without incongruity. A cloister joins the new house to the chapel. The interior is spacious and satisfying, with wide fireplaces, carved stone in arch and capital, and stained windows. Rolling doors shut off small rooms or open out large halls almost indefinitely. The lowest floor, scarcely a basement, contains the dining-hall. On the main floor, ladies' parlor and reading-room can be converted into one immense drawing-room. The second and third stories, arranged as a main floor and a large gallery, are given to the Sunday school. Here, from a central space, open a large infant room, several smaller classrooms and a library. The gallery accommodates a large Bible class and other small classrooms. Every room closes by flexible doors, and when open is in full view of the platform. Wide staircases at each end of the building, as well as corridors and main rooms, give an effect of space, beauty and usableness.

In 1886, a fund was started by means of a "yellow tea." This fund, enlarged as time went on, was used for interior furnishings. Dr. S. H. Howe, the pastor, said, in the dedication service, that the real cause for felicitation lay in the provision thus made for larger and more varied service.

PULPITS LATELY MANNED

Three pastorless churches on the coast are in a fair way to secure sky-pilots. First Church of Christ in New London has somehow failed to secure a Methodist and has put up with a Congregationalist—Rev. J. Romeyn Danforth, a graduate of Amherst, '88, "favorably known" on this coast,

Continued on page 41.

Record of the Week

Calls

BOSARD, WESLEY E., Dodge Center, Minn., to Waseca.

BUSWELL, JESSE, Pecatonica, Ill., to Glenwood, Minn.

DIXON, WM. R., Williams Bay and N. Walworth, Wis., to Eagle River. Accepts, and is at work.

FOSTER, FRANK, Memorial Ch., St. Louis, Mo., to North Presb. Ch., in the same city.

FRYER, JAS. F., Durand, Mich., accepts call to Ovid.

HANNANT, NORRISON E., Chicago Univ., to become ass't pastor Fellowship Ch., Chicago, also to Chenoa. Declines the latter.

HOOVER, FRANCIS T., Lockport, N. Y., to Cambria. Accepts.

HOWARD, E. LEE, Morgan Park, Ill., to Plymouth Ch., Columbus, O. Accepts.

JENNE, A. F. (Friend), to Lake Ann, Mich. Accepts, and is at work.

KERR, ALEX. (Pres.), New York, N. Y., declines call to Bar Harbor, Me.

KETTLE, JOSEPH B., Rapid City, S. D., to Amboy, Ill.

LUTZ, ADAM R., Bethlehem, Ct., accepts call to Oakville Ch., Waterbury.

MACDONALD, ANGUS B., Jacksonville, Fla., to Bar Harbor, Me.

MARTIN, ALBERT A., Auroraville, Wis., to Seymour, Maine, Galesburg and another station. Accepts, and is at work.

MERRILL, WM. H., Ocheltree, Kan., to Wellsville. Accepts.

MILLER, HENRY G., White Oaks, N. M., to Jerome, Ariz. Accepts, and is at work.

MOORE, CHAS. A., First Ch., Kewanee, Ill., to Edwards Ch., Davenport, Ia. Accepts, to begin Feb. 1.

MOXIE, CHAS. H., Princeton, Minn., accepts call to Barnesville.

PAGE, JOHN, Rico, Col., to Villa Park Ch, Denver.

PARK, ANDREW J., to remain another year at Leonard's Bridge, Exeter, Ct. Accepts.

ROBERTS, EDW., and Mrs. Rose, who has been supplying Wellsville, Kan., to Alma.

STRANGE, WM. L., New Plymouth, Ida., to Ontario, Ore. Accepts, and is at work.

THURSTON, OAKLEY B., after six years at Reed City, Mich., to Manhattan, Kan. Accepts.

WATERS, N. MCGEE, First Ch, Binghamton, N. Y., accepts call to Tompkins Ave. Ch., Brooklyn.

WEST, L. LESTER, First Ch., Winona, Minn., accepts call to Second Ch., Norwich, Ct., and is at work.

WHITHAM, FRANK E., First Ch., Ritzville, Wn., to become financial agent of Whitman College. Accepts, going East soon.

Stated Supplies

FRENCH, CHAS. L., Appleton, Wis., at Kaukauna.

Ordinations and Installations

FARRILL, EDGAR T., i. Kenosha, Wis., Dec. 18. Sermon, Dr. W. A. Bartlett; other parts, Rev. Messrs. L. H. Keller, Judson Titsworth and A. R Thain, D.D.

WALKER, HERBERT, i. Dec 16, at Union Ch., Bartlett, N. H. Sermon, Rev. George B. Spalding, Jr.; other parts, Rev. Messrs. A. S. Burrill, M. A. Lancaster.

Resignations

BARNES, ALBERT E., Anoka, Minn.

ERICKSON, ANDREW, Cragin Ch., Chicago, after six years of service.

ROWLAND, JOHN H, Kaukauna, Wis.

WOODMAN, GEO. E., JR., Monmouth, Me.

YONKER, WILTO R., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Dismissions

JACOBS, HERBERT H., Hanover St. Ch., Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 16. Mr. Jacobs is to take charge of the work of the university settlement in Milwaukee.

Personals

EVANS, DAVID H., N. Hampton, N. H., represented his town in the State Constitutional Convention.

TEMPLE, WM. H. G., Plymouth Ch., Seattle, Wn., has recently been voted an increase of $600 in salary. His church has also decided to employ a salaried Sunday school worker and to assume all expense of the Sunday school, permitting all Sunday school offerings to be devoted to missions. The church is planning to support a foreign missionary.

American Board Personals

MILLER, JOHN X., and wife have received appointment to the Madura Mission. Mr. Miller graduates next June from Andover Seminary.

Churches Organized and Recognized

FT. COBB, OKL., rec., 13 Dec. 20 members.

The Ragged School Union of London now groups its varied activities under the name of the Shaftesbury Society. Its Child-Cripples' Mission brightens the lives of 5,000 of London's disabled children. "Cripples' Parlors" are furnished, where the children are taught and entertained, and small groups of children are in charge of visitors, who help them in bread-winning and secure the comforts which greatly obviate their sufferings. The Barefoot Mission lends clothes to enable its *protégés* to accept the holidays of a fortnight, week or day which the "Holiday Homes" and "Outings" offer. Then there are Christian Endeavor Societies, Bands of Hope, *crèches*, mothers' meetings, libraries, all kinds of schools, banks and popular lectures galore. Friends outside give their help through various societies, notably the Crutch and Kindness League, whose members write a letter or post a paper each month to some cripple.

Pain in Stomach

It has been said that a healthy person doesn't know he has a stomach.

How unhealthy the dyspeptic must be! He feels as if he were all stomach, and one thing that makes him feel so is that pain at the pit of the stomach—sometimes an "all-gone feeling," sometimes a "burning sensation."

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Cure dyspepsia, invigorate and tone the whole digestive system. Accept no substitutes.

The Phillips Brooks Number

January 3, 1903

In view of the fact that this month marks the tenth anniversary of the death of Phillips Brooks, *The Congregationalist* has signalized the anniversary by publishing from men who knew him well and who are best qualified to treat of the various sides of his character and career a series of noteworthy articles.

We have printed a large edition, but immediate orders for extra copies are advised, that there may be no disappointment.

ORDER NOW

It is a valuable number alike for those who knew Dr. Brooks personally, for those who knew him only at a distance but were influenced by his personality and his preaching, and for the general Christian public which needs to hold in memory its greatest leaders.

It is a good number to scatter among young people, or to mail to your friends near or at a distance.

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Eight hours in twenty-four are passed in sleep. This makes the "bed" the most important article of furniture in a house. The "bed" means the mattress. It should be made of horse hair brought from Buenos Ayres or Montevideo. On arrival here, it is unpacked, sorted, classified by colors, cleaned, sterilized and then spun into a rope, being boiled and dried to set the curl. After this, it is picked and ready for use.

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When any mattress is offered at less than our figures it is not pure horse hair, but is adulterated with goat or hog hair costing 6c. a pound. Insist upon genuine South American horse hair, and you are bound to find our price the lowest. Our hygienic bedding department is worthy of your inspection.

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The Daily Portion

COMMENTS ON THE DAILY BIBLE READINGS

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

[*The Daily Bible Readings suggested for the year and printed in The Congregationalist Handbook have for their subject The Words of Christ and of the Apostles. Beginning herewith we shall print from week to week short devotional comments on the central thought of each passage, which we hope will serve to direct attention and heighten the effect of the reading. Both the Scripture passages and the comments are designedly brief, because intended for busy people and planned rather to provoke, than to satisfy, thought.*]

Jan. 1. *The Divine Shepherd.—Psalm* 23.

The spirit of the Shepherd Psalm is an appropriating spirit. It deals with "mine" and "thine" in the happiest sense of a warm personal relation. Its faith is not bound by its own imperfect imagery. Its thought begins with daily food and rest; it comes out at last to the house of the Lord. The sheep becomes a child; the fold, our eternal inheritance. Here is our portion and our hope in all experiences through all the years of life.

Jan. 2. *The Word of God.—John* 1: 1-18.

This is John's picture of a divine expectancy, the Everlasting Father working and waiting for opportunity of revelation to our souls. Such mystery of the beginnings has no terror for the disciple because it is a mystery of light. The dawn is suffused with the glory of eternal, loving forethought that expects our love as its return.

Jan. 3. *The First Recorded Words of Jesus.—Luke* 2: 41-52.

We have no record of the intimate private life of Jesus. The twilight communion of mother and of son, the talk of the boys and girls about the doorstep or the hearth, the companionships of school, the beginnings of friendship with Peter, James and John, with Mary and Martha and Lazarus, have left no trace. But the first words of definite public committal to his life work have come down to us. Already in the boy's heart the great twin thoughts of perfect life were regnant—the thought of the Fatherhood of God and the thought of companionship with him in work.

Jan. 4. *John the Forerunner.—Luke* 3: 1-9.

The forerunner is not like his Lord. Jesus was never in a hurry; John is a man driven, as if by a wind of the desert that carries all before it. He does his work because he must and not, primarily, because he loves it. He lives, as Elijah lived, in the storm, and his temptation is impatience with the ways of God. In like temptation, O, my soul! remember what manner of spirit thou art of- not the spirit of Elijah or of John, but the more cheerful, confident and hopeful spirit of Jesus Christ.

Jan. 5. *John's Prophecy of Christ.—Luke* 3: 10-20.

"With the Holy Spirit and with fire." This is not an alternative, it is a sequence. The fire is the image of the Holy Spirit's work. He who has been baptized with the Spirit will have fire for ministry and fire for purging. The true disciple is an enthusiast and the love of evil in his soul is consumed, as dross is separated in the furnace.

Jan. 6. *Fulfilling Righteousness.—Matt.* 3: 13-17.

This was not Christian baptism, but the sign of consecration and expectancy. Jesus joined himself to those who were separated from the world and looking for the coming of the kingdom. This was fulfilling righteousness through order and observance. This is still his attitude. Labor and look for the coming of God's kingdom, and the companionship of Jesus becomes the portion of your days.

Jan. 7. *The First Disciples.—John* 1: 35-42.

With what sweetness do these recognitions of John's stormy soul describe the character and work of Jesus! "Behold the Lamb of God!" The whole deep spiritual meanings of a thousand years of sacrifice were in the word. The Angel of the Annunciation and John, the desert preacher, agree in this. He shall bear the sins of his people. No wonder John's disciples, stirred to their depths by his preaching of repentance and his call to righteousness, fresh from the renewed encounter with their own bosom sins, gladly turned to Jesus. There is no word more full of honor to be said for John, than that he gave them willingly to a greater than himself.

Jan. 8. *Philip and Andrew.—John* 1: 43-51.

Christ's accepted invitation makes us witnesses. Andrew finds Peter, Philip, Nathaniel. It raises the question whether Christians of today have really made any great discovery in Jesus, when they are so loath to talk about him to their friends.

Jan. 9. *Answering Temptation.—Matt.* 4: 1-4; *Deut.* 8: 1-3.

Strength of temptation is in direct proportion to the weakness of our sense of the presence and love of God. Jesus could never prove himself the Son of God by distrust of his Father's care. For us, too, faith is sonship. When we leave God out of the account we are standing outside the threshold of our Father's house.

Jan. 10. *The Second Temptation.—Matt.* 4: 5-7; *Ps.* 91: 11, 12; *Deut* 6: 16-19.

The tempter proposes an intrusion, with a miracle to save the intruder from death, or from arrest. His quotation is apt, but neither reverent nor convincing. It is in their own right calling that the word of the Lord comes to his children. The roof of the temple was no place for Jesus—much less the mid-air between roof and pavement. He would not begin his mission as an intruder on the sacred places and then challenge his Father to save him from the consequences. He answers Scripture with Scripture, but his quotation is both apt and reverent. True handling of the Word grows out of an obedient heart. It was not because Jesus knew the Bible that he was able to draw weapons from its armory, but because he knew it by heart.

The Church Prayer Meeting

Jan. 4-10. Week of Prayer Topics.

[For prayer meeting editorial see page 8.]

He who gets up every time he falls will get up by and by to stay.—*Proverbial Philosophy.*

CURING CONSUMPTION.

When Scott's Emulsion makes the consumptive gain flesh it is curing his consumption.

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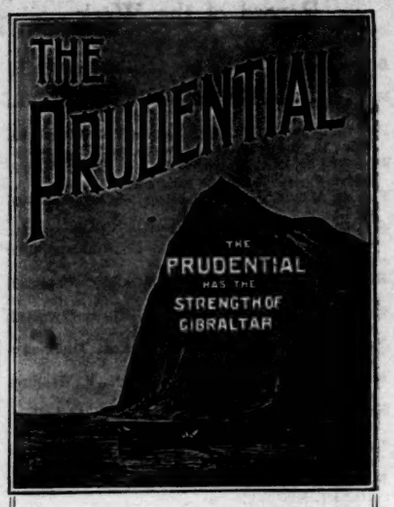

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deserve the Fair, the old proverb should read. After all, Life Insurance is a good test of a man's love and foresight for his family. Thrift wears better than mere bravery.

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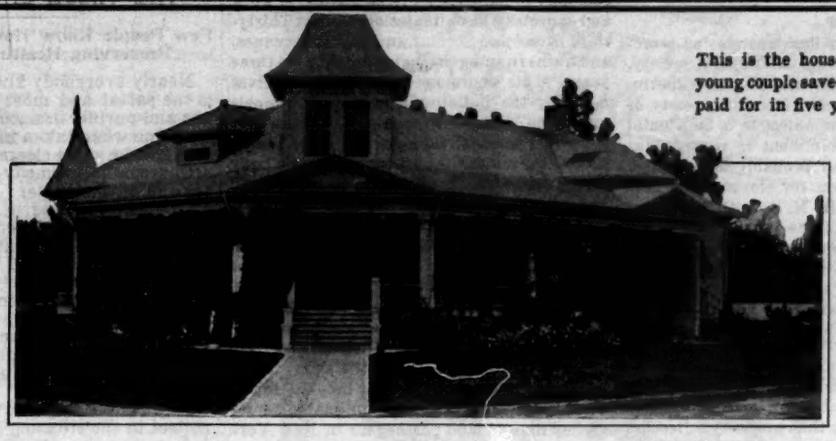

This is the house the young couple saved and paid for in five years.

A Young Couple Were Married 5 Years Ago

He had a moderate salary. They started simply and saved. But they didn't skimp. They gave little dinners and heard the best lectures. In five years they had saved enough to pay for the house at the head of this page.

Another Young Couple Were Married, Too

They put by $7 a week, and the house at the bottom of this page is now theirs, —entirely paid for. A third young couple's income was $16 per week. They saved $8 of it, and bought and paid for the house at the bottom of this page.

How these and 97 others did it, step by step, dollar by dollar, is all told in the great series, "*How We Saved For a Home*,"—100 articles by 100 people who saved for and now own their own homes on an

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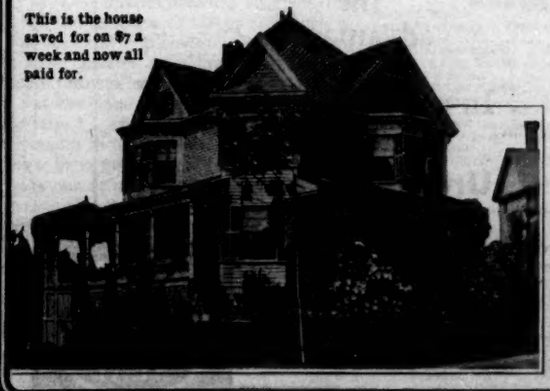
This is the house saved for on $7 a week and now all paid for.



This is the house paid for out of a salary of $16 per week, saving $8.

In and Around New York

A Double Secretaryship

Rev. Charles W. Shelton was elected secretary of the State Home Missionary Society, with the idea that he will become superintendent of the Church Extension Society of New York city, whose object is to help build churches. The appointment is regarded as a promotion, and will probably be accepted. Mr. Shelton has been for eleven years field secretary of the C. H. M. S., with headquarters in New York. If he takes up the state and metropolitan work an aggressive campaign is hoped for, in the latter department especially, including the building of the much needed church in North New York.

Plymouth's Parish House

A decision of the board of education to erect a school on lots adjoining Plymouth Church promises to block a plan of the congregation to erect on that property a Beecher Memorial parish building. The site of Mayflower mission of Plymouth is soon to be taken by the city for the approach of one of the East River bridges, and the plan was to add to the money received for it and erect the memorial building. An option had been secured on the lots adjoining the church, but the action of the education board came before definite arrangements could be made. A meeting of the congregation was held last week, at which it was decided to make an effort to get the board to find a new site for its proposed school. The Beecher Memorial, if erected, will include provision for various clubs, educational features and other facilities for modern church work. Many young people attend Plymouth, and the building, it is thought, would provide a means of holding them and of attracting others.

An East Side Chapel Given Up

Heavenly Rest Episcopal Church is to give up its East Side chapel and devote all its energies to the parish church at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. The chapel building was the property of another Episcopal parish and was recently sold to the New York Central Railroad, so that continuance of the work would involve the purchase of a site and the erection of a new building. This would cost fully $80,000, which Dr. Parker Morgan and his vestry think might better be put into the endowment fund of the parish church. The Fifth Avenue neighborhood is so rapidly changing that the church will soon be surrounded with business places and must seek a new site unless heavily endowed. It is significant of changing conditions in what was a fashionable part of New York that a church has to abandon its mission work to save the parent organization.

A Double Pastorate Shared

The Collegiate Church of New York, the largest Reformed church in the city, has called to its ministry Drs. John G. Fagg and Henry Evertson Cobb, both of whom have been serving as ministers in charge of local collegiate churches for some years. The situation has this peculiar feature: In the Middle and West End churches, now served by Drs. Fagg and Cobb, there will be no change in ministerial relations, but their ministers will have a standing in the consistory of Collegiate Church equal to that of Drs. Coe, Burrell and Mackay. The consistory maintains five churches and three chapels on Manhattan Island and is the oldest church organization in New York, dating from 1628. Dr. Cobb recently declined a call to Central Congregational Church, Providence.

Two New Tunnels

The entrance of the Pennsylvania Railroad to New York city through a tunnel under the Hudson was assured by the recent granting of a franchise to the company by the board of aldermen. Opposition to the plan, said to be in the interest of organized labor, has delayed the work nearly four months, but the railroad company promises to go immediately to work and expects to have its station built at Thirty-third Street and Seventh and Eighth Avenues, and trains running through New York, in three years. This enormous undertaking involves not only the building of a series of tunnels under the Hudson River and New York city sixty feet below street level, but also a tunnel connection under the East River with the Long Island Railroad. The effect on New York will be a practical widening of the city. That is, it will open up sections on Long Island and in New Jersey heretofore difficult of access. New York travel will probably always be mainly north and south, but the new connections will carry part of the people east and west, relieving other lines now congested. Another tunnel under the Hudson, the franchise for which was passed the same day as the Pennsylvania, will further help the suburban traffic. This is planned to enable Jersey trolley lines to land passengers in New York city, avoiding the ferry. C. N. A.

On Reading Agamemnon by Aeschylus

The story's ended: Fling the window wide;
Let the June sunlight leap across the room.
How like a spirit it comes through the gloom,
And draws the old black tragic veil aside!
All day the passion of the Argive queen,
All day Cassandra's fate-words, half unsung,
Like a dark storm-cloud o'er my soul have hung,
With choral thunders breaking through between.
We've heard the tale a human life can tell;
Come, hear the stories Nature's heart can speak,
Hear June's rich rhymes die adown the dell,
And each tree's chorus grander than the Greek!
Cassandra-thoughts, with more than Loxian spell,
Come singing to us from the mountain's peak!

—*Phillips Brooks.*

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Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, or eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

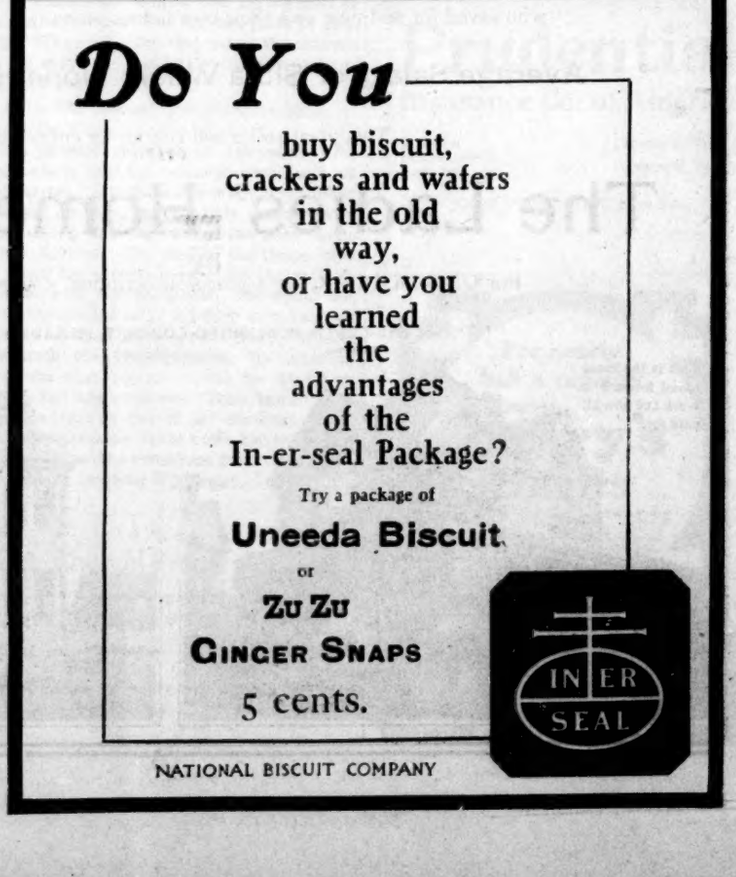
Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat. I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."



For Endeavorers

PRAYER MEETING

BY REV. H. A. BRIDGMAN

Topic, Jan. 11-17. **Bringing Others to Christ.** John 1: 40-45; 4: 6-10; Mark 5: 19, 20.

Too often the raising of this subject causes a certain inward disquiet, not to say irritation. If we honestly ask ourselves whom we have brought to Christ, or tried to bring to him, during the last year, the answer is likely to be unsatisfactory. Have we gone out of our way even once or twice to invite any one to church or to ask another to read something that would help him toward Christ? Furthermore, we are obliged to confess that our own relation to Christ is not so intimate as to make our words and efforts in his behalf as forceful as they ought to be. We have intellectual difficulties, perhaps, with regard to the narrative of his life or, what is more probable, we are living on an immeasurably lower moral plane than he habitually dwelt on.

So before we consider ways and means we are forced back upon something underlying all methods and devices. We must reconsider our personal relations to the Lord Jesus Christ. We must sense anew the fact that when he first attached men to himself he declared that their first and only business thereafter was to catch men. We Christians forget too often that we are in the fishing business, that the only reason why a church should not die is that it is making disciples out of worldly-minded people and that the only justification for claiming the hopes and inspirations of the gospel ourselves is that we are day by day undertaking to share them with others.

If we thus go down to the foundations of personal religion we shall get a flood of light upon the problem how to bring men to Christ. If the purpose be once established, if one's ruling attitude fosters personal interest in individuals, then one will find plenty of channels through which to send his influence. We have two splendid brotherhoods, one in the Episcopal Church and one in the other denominations, which propose certain definite ideals. There is the "Win One" undertaking, which has been instrumental in leading many to Christ. Such associated efforts based on effective working principles are good. But one need not depend upon any formal pledge. If we were able to tabulate the human instrumentalities influential in conversions during the last twelve months, it would be found, I think, that the greatest number were to be ascribed, not to great revivals, not to perfunctory button-holing of others, not to preaching even, but to the touch of life upon life, as the mother has poured out her very life blood in behalf of her children, as men have lived Christianity in shops and factories and in the street, as they have gone about their daily business with large and loving thoughts of their fellowmen.

And it is a comfort to remember that necessary as is the human medium between God and man, the agencies of the spiritual world are constantly at work also. Otherwise we could never muster up courage to speak to our mates; otherwise it would do no good for us to put our hand upon their shoulder and say, gently, "I wish you were a Christian." God commits to us the precious privilege of helping to bring men into his kingdom, and supplements our fitful and blundering attempts by surrounding those whom we may approach with invisible influences sent direct from him to guide them to their Saviour and ours.

Give us this day our daily bread, we pray,
And give us, likewise, Lord, our daily thought,
That our poor souls may strengthen as they ought,
And starve not on the husks of yesterday.
—*Phillips Brooks.*

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NINETY-EIGHTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT, JULY, 1902.

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks	$634,686.54
Special Deposits in Trust Companies	430,586.48
Real Estate	1,608,892.06
United States Bonds	2,050,000.00
State and City Bonds	1,364,500.00
Railroad Bonds	1,285,925.00
Water and Gas Bonds	97,500.00
Railroad Stocks	6,662,550.00
Gas Stocks	109,000.00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks	508,250.00
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate	124,550.00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents	991,446.48
Interest due and accrued on 1st July, 1902	50,562 87
	$15,918,449.43

LIABILITIES.

Cash Capital	$3,000,000.00
Reserve Premium Fund	5,405,511.00
Unpaid Losses	718,796.65
Unpaid Re-Insurance, and other claims	675,454.43
Reserve for Taxes	50,000.00
Net Surplus	6,068,687.35
	$15,918,449.43
Surplus as regards Policy-holders	$6,068,687.35

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Observance of Forefathers' Day

BOSTON

The Boston Congregational Club celebrated with the annual banquet and presence of ladies. Mr. Henry M. Moore presided. The Schubert Quartet and Mr. J. H. Loud, organist of Harvard Church, Brookline, furnished music, the vocal selections being open to criticism for their sentimentality and inappropriateness.

Devotions were conducted by Dr. Willard Scott of Worcester and Rev D. W. Waldron of the City Missionary Society.

Addresses were by Dr. E. P. Parker of Hartford and Hon. John D. Long, ex-Secretary of the Navy. The dominant note, unlike that of the dinner of last year, was one of optimism. Dr. Parker delighted all by his convincing proof, drawn from autobiography, biography, and ancient journals, of the Sunnier Side of Puritan Life and Character. He showed by a great variety of incidents and quotations, that "Puritanism had in its ranks wholesome, kind, lovable people—not austere or crabbed," who believed life worth living, and could not have understood the modern skepticism on that point. "Their character," he contended, "had all the fineness of grain and firmness of fiber which made it capable of the highest culture." Dr. Parker's flowing, distinctly literary style and his wit added to the charm of the paper.

Mr. Long began with that skillful byplay and wit which have made him well known for many years

Continued on page 41.

Meetings and Events to Come

BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING, Pilgrim Hall, Jan. 5, 10.30 A. M. Devotional service. Rev. F. H. Page, leader.

SUFFOLK BRANCH, W. B. M., annual prayer meeting in the vestry of Old South Church, Boston, Jan. 8, 12 M. to 4 P. M. A change of leaders each hour.

Deaths

CHRISTENSEN—In Hamden, Ct., suddenly, Dec. 19, Rev. Nils C. Christensen, aged 52 years. He has cared for Swedish and Danish churches, his last charge having been the Danish church in New Haven, Ct., from which he retired some time ago.

CUMMINGS—In Newton, Mass., Dec. 19, suddenly, Robert F. Cummings, for 35 years business manager and agent of the American Tract Society, at its New England branch store in Boston, aged 62 years.

KITTREDGE—In Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 14, Miss Helen M. Kittredge. Buried at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

READ—In Montreal, Can., Dec. 16, Rev. Francis W. Read, missionary of the American Board for ten years in W. Africa, aged 43 yrs. Mr. Read came home on furlough about three months ago, apparently well, although very tired. A disease of the bones of the mouth developed immediately, which proved incurable. He leaves a wife and six young children.

SILAS S. HARTHAN

Mr. Silas Smith Harthan died in West Boylston, Mass., Sept. 18, 1902, aged 88 years; and his wife, Mary (Ross) Harthan, Dec. 6, aged (almost) 86. Married in 1836, she united with the church that same year, and he in 1843. Eight children survive to mourn their loss and five have gone before them to their heavenly home. Mr. and Mrs. Harthan were people "after God's own heart;" earnest, humble, devoted Christians, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." J. E. D.

CHARLES FAYETTE GOODWIN

Charles F. Goodwin, an old and respected resident of Waterbury, Ct., died Nov. 25, at his home, 35 Park Ave., aged seventy-eight. In continuous business at one stand for fifty years without a financial difficulty or protested check, and passing safely over the waves of business depression from time to time with steadily increasing business, is a record few men in this city can equal. Such is his enviable record. He founded the firm of C. F. Goodwin & Sons, carriage manufacturers, of Spring Street. An exemplary member of the church for over fifty years, beloved and esteemed by all.

MARY ELIZABETH (MCQUESTEN) SARGEANT

Mary Elizabeth McQuesten, daughter of James and Louisa (Page) McQuesten, was born in Wentworth, N. H., May 13, 1836, but most of her life was spent in Plymouth, N. H., where she united with the Congregational church in 1858. She was educated at the Holmes Academy of Plymouth, Bradford Academy, Mass., and spent several years in travel abroad with her husband, Cyrus Sargeant, whom she married in 1873, and who died July 24, 1902. Of their four children, a son and daughter are living. Mrs. Sargeant's life was very closely identified with the interests of the whole community. She was not only a stanch and generous friend of the church, but her influence was felt throughout the town and state. She was a woman of strong personal character, outspoken and firm in her convictions, but so broad-minded and practical, in dealing with the problems of life, that many sought her advice and counted her a true friend. She was deeply interested in missions and was for several years the president of the New Hampshire Female Cent Institution and Home Missionary Union.

Many will miss the help received from her, for her quiet deeds of charity were numerous and with these there was always the genuine love of a noble Christian woman. She died Dec. 12, 1902, and the interment was at Forest Hills, Boston.

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Observance of Forefathers' Day

[Continued from page 40.]

as one of the most facile and keen of our after-dinner speakers, and for a while it seemed as if he might forget that he was giving a formal address rather than an after-dinner speech. But in time he struck the serious note and dealt with the Pilgrims' history and its consequences, arguing that the colony at Plymouth had more of a commercial motive in seeking this country than has sometimes been taken into account by historians, but not overlooking the dominating spiritual ends they had in view. Himself of the Pilgrim rather than the Puritan type, the speaker naturally dwelt with pride on the catholicity of spirit of the Pilgrims, and their larger share in shaping not only the political but the religious ideals of the country. Looking about him today Mr. Long finds more Christlikeness in men's conduct than ever before, and is confident as to the future of the nation. M.

AMESBURY, MASS.

The Republican Club celebrated Dec. 20 with addresses on the Covenanters, the Puritan Woman and Her Influence, America as the Mother of Opportunity, of Free Schools, of Progress.—The Men's Congregational Club held its service at Main Street Church on the 21st, being highly favored in its speaker, President Raymond of Union College. He analyzed the character of the Puritan, and paid glowing tribute to his independence, love of liberty, devotion to conscience and his wholeheartedness. The musical numbers included The Breaking Waves Dashed High and Eichberg's To Thee, O Country.

CONCORD, N. H.

The Central New Hampshire Club met at South Church, Dec. 17, with a large attendance. The address was by Prof. Waldo S. Pratt of Hartford Seminary, on The Ministry of Song. The musical features included an organ recital, with chimes. C.

HAMPTON, N. H.

Over 120 members and guests of the Pascataqua Club gathered for an all-day meeting at this country church, Dec. 18. The morning hour was occupied with social greetings and the report of the Outlook Committee, on Work for Boys, presented by Rev. George R. Lake of Stratham. The addresses were by Dr. W. T. McElveen of Shawmut Church, Boston, on American Puritanism Old and New, and Rev. N. M. Calhoun of Winsted, Ct., on the Yankee Farmer. R.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The club held a patriotic meeting, with banquet, at First Church, Dec. 22. Addresses were by Dr. J. L. Ewell, its president, Commissioner H. L. West and Dr. H. B. Brown, justice of the United States Supreme Court. Dr. R. H. McKim, rector of Epiphany Church, defined Virginia's Contribution to the Making of the Republic, and Dr. C. J Ryder talked interestingly of the American Highlanders. The front cover of the program bears a fine cut of the John Robinson Church in Gainsborough, Eng., and the back cover the hymn, "Goodly were thy tents, O Israel!" C.

COLUMBUS, O.

First Church, Dr. Washington Gladden, pastor, entertained the club Dec. 18, when Pres. C. F. Thwing, D.D., of Cleveland set forth The Ideals of the Pilgrims.

ELYRIA, O.

The Men's Class of First Church, now in its third year, celebrated with a banquet, at which 120 men sat down. The address was by Hon. W. T. Clark of Cleveland. The class, which numbers many leading men of the city, has made itself a live factor in the community by its handling of present day questions. C.

TOLEDO, O.

The club met on the 22d inst. at Second Church with good attendance and listened to a poetic, picturesque and eloquent portrayal of The Resultant Pilgrim, by Dr. C. W. Hiatt of Cleveland. He discerned the spirit of the Pilgrims in many of the founders of our country, in John Robinson, Milton, Oliver Cromwell and the Quaker Penn. In our day the notable Pilgrim is the stanch and resolute reformer and patriot, President Roosevelt. An excellent original poem by Rev. C. M. Burkholder, pastor of the entertaining church, was sung to the tune of America. K.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Dr. A. A. Berle was guest of honor when the club met at Hotel Pfister, Dec. 16. Among Puritan Ideals for the Twentieth Century he recommended high-heartedness, inflexible devotion to ethical ideals, moral purity, courage, depth, virility and heroism.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

The Minnesota Club was fortunate in securing for its meeting at Park Avenue Ch., Dec. 15, Pres. D. F. Bradley, D.D., of Iowa College, who set forth The Development of Fellowship in Congregational Churches. Twenty names were proposed for membership.

FARGO, N. D.

The Red River Valley Club met in Pirie's Hall, Dec. 16, and enjoyed a program of toasts, music, etc. The principal address was by Rev. G. B. Barnes of Valley City, on The New New England.

TACOMA, WASH.

Puget Sound Club celebrated, Dec. 17, with First Church, Tacoma. Eight short addresses on The Pilgrim Spirit in the Twentieth Century were followed by discussion. Interest in the work of the club was never so great as now. S.

Connecticut

[Continued from page 34.]

his first pastorate having been in Mystic. The choice of Norwich Second is not yet made public. Stonington Point is receiving supplies of grace from Yale undergraduates.

GROTON IN HER NEW EDIFICE

Chandeliers are hung and electric connections made, but delay in securing the living current from the power house interfered with the Christmas exercises. A recent prayer meeting was given up, owing to the impossibility of securing fuel. The Sunday school has never been so large, while the congregation attend better on stormy Sundays than in the old building. F. S. H.

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"Not a poisonous, drastic cathartic," but an *agreeable, effervescent stomach cleanser*. It acts gently on the liver and kidneys and keeps the bowels in healthy action, thus promoting *good complexions, clear brains* and *healthy bodies*. Used by American Physicians for 58 years.

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THE RIGHT THING.

A New Catarrh Cure, which is Rapidly Coming to the Front.

For several years, Eucalyptol, Guaiacol and Hydrastin have been recognized as standard remedies for catarrhal troubles, but they have always been given separately and only very recently an ingenious chemist succeeded in combining them, together with other antiseptics, into a pleasant, effective tablet.

Druggists sell the remedy under the name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and it has met with remarkable success in the cure of nasal catarrh, bronchial and throat catarrh and in catarrh of the stomach.

Mr. F. N. Benton, whose address is care of Clark House, Troy, N. Y., says: "When I run up against anything that is good I like to tell people of it. I have been troubled with catarrh more or less for some time, last winter more than ever. Tried several so-called cures, but did not get any benefit from them. About six weeks ago I bought a 50 cent box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and am glad to say that they have done wonders for me and I do not hesitate to let all my friends know that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are the right thing."

Mr. Geo. J. Casanova of Hotel Griffon, West 9th Street, New York City, writes: "I have commenced using Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and already they have given me better results than any catarrh cure I have ever tried."

A leading physician of Pittsburg advises the use of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in preference to any other treatment for catarrh of the head, throat or stomach.

He claims they are far superior to inhalers, salves, lotions or powder, and are much more convenient and pleasant to take and are so harmless that little children take them with benefit as they contain no opiate, cocaine or any poisonous drugs.

All druggists sell Stuart's Catarrh Tablets at 50 cents for full size package and they are probably the safest and most reliable cure for any form of catarrh.

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Natura Naturans

Read at a dinner given to Phillips Brooks by the Clericus Club, Sept. 24, 1883

Natura, Mistress of the Earth,
A study hath, they say,
Where century by century,
She sitteth molding clay.

Fast as the images are wrought,
Her lattice wide she throws,
And on the ample window-sill
Arranges them in rows.

A sprightly critic happening by,
One idle summer's morn,
Made bold to chaff this lady fair,
In half good-natured scorn.

"Natura, Bona Dea," said he,
"I'm bored to death to find
What everlasting sameness marks
These products of your mind.

"The men you sculpture into form
Might just as well be rolled;
Peas in a pod are not more like,
Nor bullets from one mold.

"Dear lady, quit the ancient ruts,
Retake the point of view;
Do differentiate a bit,
Evolve us something new."

Piqued was the goddess at that word,
Resentful flashed her eye,
While all the artist in her rose
To give his taunt the lie.

"I'll show you something fresh," she cried,
"I'll teach you how it looks;"—
Then plunged her finger in the clay,
And modeled PHILLIPS BROOKS!

—*W. R. Huntington.*

In and Around Chicago

Another Church Dedicated

The North Shore people are rejoicing in the completion and dedication of a portion of their stately edifice. Within three years Mr. Ainslie, the pastor, has gathered a church with more than two hundred members and secured property worth not less than $40,000, on which there is an obligation of $10,000 to the Church Building Society, bearing interest at three per cent. and payable in ten years. The sermon Sunday morning by the pastor was heard by a large audience. During the morning and afternoon service the congregation responded to the request of Professor Curtiss for money, and subscribed over $8,000 to pay last bills. Dr. W. F. McMillen took part in this morning service and also in the afternoon or fellowship service, at which addresses were made by neighboring pastors, Presbyterian and Methodist, and by Dr. W. A. Bartlett. Prof. W. D. Mackenzie preached in the evening. This church has one of the best locations in or near the city and cannot fail to become one of the strongest churches in the denomination.

A Debt Raising Campaign

The Methodists in Chicago have determined to signalize the close of the year by raising $300,000 with which to pay off all the debts resting on their houses of worship in or about the city. With the impulse thus given, the denomination will forge ahead more rapidly and satisfactorily than ever. If Congregationalists can pay the debts on their church buildings, meet the current expenses of the City Missionary Society and secure $100,000 towards its endowment the coming year, they will be grateful and hopeful of their future. Last week the Ravenswood Church, which had been carrying a mortgage for eighteen years, paid it and burned it publicly. This is the church to which Rev. A. B. Penniman of Adams, Mass., has accepted an enthusiastic call. Dr. J. M. Sturtevant, who served the church for the last five years with great satisfaction to the people, but was compelled to resign on account of ill health, is now in the South, and from recent reports may hope for much improvement.

Professor James on Religious Experience

At the Ministers' Meeting, Monday, Dec. 22, Rev. W. B. Thorp read a discriminating review of Professor James's book, Some Varieties of Religious Experience. The paper was not entirely favorable to Professor James's work. While freely admitting its excellencies, the attractiveness of its style and its suggestiveness, Mr. Thorp pointed out its weaknesses and failure fully to take account of Christian experience or of religious experience in its healthy or normal condition.

Resignation of the Princeton Pastor

Rev. James H. McClaren, who has served the church in Princeton, Ill., for the past five years, closes his work there Dec. 28. He will go to Texas, his health having suffered severely from the climate in Illinois. In Princeton, Mr. McClaren has had large congregations, and the responses to his appeals for benevolence and for improvements have been prompt and generous. During his ministry a new Hook and Hastings organ has been secured and more than ten thousand dollars pledged toward a new house of worship. Mr. McClaren has published several books, and as a lecturer he has been in increasing demand.

Chicago, Dec. 27. FRANKLIN.

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Mr. Morgan's Appointments

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan's hold upon the churches of this country is increasing, if the number of invitations which come to Mr. W. R. Moody for his services are any index. Mr. Morgan cannot begin to accept the opportunities pressing upon him and has to select the fields where presumably he can wield the widest influence. He spent Christmas at his Northfield home and goes abroad again next summer for two or three months. The directors of Chicago Seminary conferred upon Mr. Morgan the degree of Doctor of Divinity, an honor which this institution has bestowed but seldom. The announcement reached him on Christmas Day.

Woman's Board Friday Meeting

CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE, BOSTON, DEC. 26

Mrs. Austin Phelps presiding gave some interesting thoughts appropriate to the Christmas season, in connection with the character and probable home life of Mary, the mother of our Lord. She also told how an auxiliary was formed in Bar Harbor last summer through the efforts of summer residents. A gathering of five ladies, then ten, thirty, fifty, shows what may be accomplished by making a beginning and then continuing steady in well-doing. A visit from Miss Kyle just at that time proved helpful.

Mrs. Judson Smith spoke in detail of missionaries whose names are given in the calendar in connection with Pang-Chuang—Mrs. Wilder and Mrs. Ingram, Mrs. Arthur Smith and the Wyckoff sisters. Mrs. Porter and her husband are in this country. Miss Mary Porter is at present in charge of the Bridgman School. Mrs. Peck, left behind when her husband returned to China, is doing good service here as president of the Woman's Board of the Pacific.

Miss Lamson read an interesting letter from Miss Abbie G. Chapin, written from her summer retreat in Mongolia, 190 miles north of Peking. There in the wide pastures the Mongols pitch their tents in little groups. Uncleanly in their habits, as Buddhists they have a shrine in every tent and every person wears a charm, one or more. Miss Chapin and her companions attended a fair and religious festival at a temple eight miles from their camp, improving the opportunity to sell a goodly number of Scripture portions in Chinese and Mongol to the crowd who pressed about them to see the foreigners. The superstitious mummery of their ceremonials aroused wonder in the minds of the lookers-on as to what sentiments were thus stirred in their own minds.

Miss Washburn gave facts from the report of the last year's work for women at Tung-cho. The Christian Association by its committees has welcomed new comers on Sunday and has provided leaders for weekly meetings, including a mothers' meeting and a missionary meeting each month. Regular teaching in Bible study has been furnished for a class of sixty, reviews being conducted by Miss Evans, Miss Andrews, Miss Chapin, Mrs. Galt and Mrs. Tewksbury. Day schools have been looked after and orphanages have been continued; and in addition to all her other work Mrs. Sheffield has continued the Bible class for the soldiers of the United States Legation Guard, with thirty-five names on the class list.

A fit close of the hour was Heber's beautiful hymn, "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning."

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BOSTON - - - - - - - - - - CHICAGO

The Atlantic Monthly

January, 1903

The January *Atlantic*, as befits the season, will open with a New Year's editorial, and will contain the first installment of two prominent features for 1903, the new serial, **His Daughter First**, by Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, and Mr. John T. Trowbridge's Reminiscences of his long career, so intimately related with much that is best in American literature.

Notable among the articles in the number will be **Contributions of the West to American Democracy**, by Frederick J. Turner; **The Warfare Against Disease**, an account of the recent noteworthy advances in medical science and sanitation, by C—E. A. Winslow; Mr. W. J. Henderson's well-considered and suggestive paper on **The Future of Orchestral Music**; and the yearly letter from England by R. Brimley Johnson.

In the department of literary essays, Miss Agnes Repplier will contribute a delightful paper on **Travellers' Tales**, and Mrs. Alice Meynell a memorable appreciation of **Charles Dickens as a Man of Letters.**

Among the stories will be Julia R. Tutwiler's "**Mammy**," and "**The Plateau of Fatigue**," a diverting and instructive tale by Kate Milner Rabb, the author of "Miss Petrie's Avocation," which was recently so cordially received by readers of the *Atlantic*. Several brief sketches, three poems of distinction, the usual enlightened criticism of current literature, and a vivacious Club, will complete a characteristic number.

Special Offer On receipt of 50 cents the publishers will send the ATLANTIC for three months to any new subscriber. Prospectus for 1903 on application. Upon request, to all new subscribers for 1903 the November and December issues will be mailed free of charge. 35 cents a copy; $4.00 a year.

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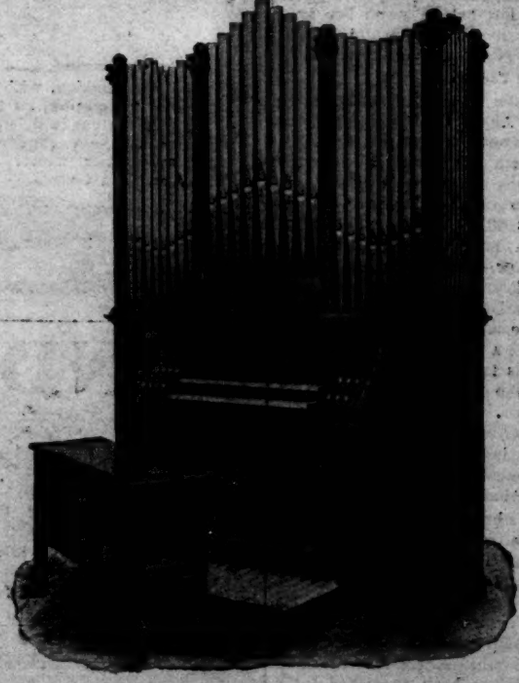

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